ASSESSMENTS AND ANTICIPATIONS

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BY

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CONTENTS

PERSONAL

CHAPTER		PAGE
1	EARLY RECOLLECTIONS - - -	9
2	LATER RECOLLECTIONS - - -	24

RELIGIOUS

3	LABELS AND LIBELS - - - - -	40
4	THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING -	67
5	THE PRAYER BOOK; THE FIRST REJECTION - - - - - -	73
6	THE PRAYER BOOK; THE SECOND REJECTION - - - - - -	80
7	FAITH - - - - - -	87
8	HOPE - - - - - -	94
9	IS THERE A COMMON CHRISTIANITY? -	101
10	CHANGING RELIGION - - - -	108
11	THE MID-DAY DEMON - - -	116

POLITICAL

12	LIBERALISM - - - - -	124
13	CONSERVATISM - - - - -	131
14	SOCIALISM - - - - -	138

CONTENTS

PROGNOSTICATIONS

	CHAPTER		PAGE
15	I.	INTRODUCTORY - - - - -	146
16	II.	THE FUTURE OF CATHOLICISM -	153
17	III.	THE FUTURE OF PROTESTANTISM -	161
18	IV.	EDUCATION IN 2,000 A.D. -	169
19	V.	THE GREAT POWERS IN A.D. 2,000	177
20	VI.	SOCIAL LIFE IN THE NEXT 100 YEARS - - - -	185
21	VII.	THE FUTURE OF MARRIAGE -	193
22	VIII.	THE FAILURE OF DEMOCRACY -	201
23	IX.	SCIENTIFIC MORALITY - -	209
24	X.	THE SHRINKING GLOBE - -	217
25		THE NEXT WAR - - - -	225

SOCIAL

26	WHAT IS SUCCESS ? - - - -	233
27	IN THE LIMELIGHT - - - -	247
28	THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX - -	253
29	WORK - - - - - -	261
30	EPICURUS AND HIS CRITICS - -	269
31	STOLEN EPIGRAMS - - - -	277

PREFACE

For permission to reprint those parts of this little book which have already appeared, I have to thank the Editors of the *Evening Standard*, the *Strand Magazine*, the *Spectator*, and *Nash's Magazine*.

W. R. INGE.

1922

ASSESSMENTS AND ANTICIPATIONS

I. EARLY RECOLLECTIONS

TRAVELLERS between York and Northallerton may notice, as the train dashes past the little station of Alne, a wooded hill rising out of the plain a few miles off, with a castle and a church on the top. This is Crayke, where I was born on June 6th, 1860. It is a beautiful village, and the view from the Wishing Gate, which has been the recipient of many youthful confidences, is something not to be forgotten. Before us lies the great plain of York, looking as flat as the ocean, the skyline broken only by the massive pile of York Minster, twelve miles off, which rides the plain like a stately ship. On the right is the bold outline of the Hambledon Hills, with a great white horse, always kept carefully scoured. Behind us is the hilly country beyond Yearsley. An outlying

spur of Crayke Hill is the clump called Oliver's Mount, named, as my mother told me with indignation, after the wicked man who beheaded the Royal Martyr. Crayke was at that time very much cut off from the world. There was then no branch line to Easingwold, and my grandfather always drove into York behind a pair of fat horses, which covered the distance in about two hours. There was still, I think, a lingering feeling that railway travelling was a dangerous innovation; we were taught to say our prayers with extra care before embarking on a journey by train. Such excitements were few and far between.

My grandfather, Edward Churton, Archdeacon of Cleveland, and for forty years rector of Crayke, was an old-fashioned scholar and divine, author of "The Early English Church," then the best popular book on the subject; of "The Cleveland Psalter," a metrical version of the Psalms; of two volumes of poems, and of a learned work on the Spanish poet Gongora, which is still quoted with respect by students of Spanish. He lived mainly in his library, well stocked with folios of theology, including all the verbose Fathers of the Church, and all the Anglo-Catholic divines from the Laudians to Pusey. He had been a friend of the leading Tractarians, and a visit of Manning to the

Rectory was remembered. It was a life very unlike that of a modern Archdeacon, but he was much respected; the Church in those days was more learned and thoughtful, and less nervously active, than it is now.

His only daughter married my father in 1859. William Inge, who belonged to the younger branch of an old Staffordshire family, was a Fellow of his College and had been the fast bowler in the Oxford Eleven, a very handsome man with an athletic frame, and no fault except excessive diffidence. He came to Crayke as tutor to the Archdeacon's sons, three of whom won scholarships at Eton, and the fourth was nominated to the foundation at Charterhouse. My father was shortly afterwards ordained, and served as curate at Crayke, refusing preferment, till the Archdeacon died in 1874; after which he held a living in Staffordshire till he was appointed Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, in 1881, and soon afterwards was offered the bishopric of Salisbury. This last honour so shocked his modesty that he refused by return of post, without even telling his wife. He died at Oxford in 1903, leaving a well-deserved reputation for sound judgment (where his own merits were not concerned) and a saintly character.

We had hardly any neighbours at Crayke. The

neighbouring squires were some of them rather like Sir Pitt Crawley, and the family at Alne were our only close friends among the clergy. It was an isolated existence, such as can hardly be imagined in these days. My parents had abundant leisure, which they devoted to educating their children, and both of them had a genius for teaching. Much of our instruction was given by reading aloud, while we "did copy-drawing." Somehow, we managed to attend to both, and in this way we were introduced at a very early age to Shakespeare, Spenser, Tennyson, Sir Walter Scott, and several books of history. The excellence of my father's classical teaching may be judged from the successes of the young Churtons, and from my own position as second on the list of Eton scholars after only three months at a preparatory school. We had indeed an admirable education, such as no children get in these days. All our work was made thoroughly interesting, and in the paper-games which were our delight we composed short stories and poems at top speed—the best possible training for examinations. Cousins of our own age were taught with us; one of them is now a Fellow and Tutor at Oxford. I once inadvertently locked him up in the rabbit-hutch when I went in to lunch. For outdoor games we had cricket with the village boys, and I

remember watching with tremendous excitement a match between an Eleven of professionals and Twenty-two of Easingwold and district, a form of cricket which was then very popular. The Twenty-two tumbled over each other in the field, about three of them colliding painfully when a catch went up; their innings was a melancholy procession of victims, some of whom were severely knocked about before the redoubtable George Freeman shattered their stumps. Only one of them got into double figures. The village club was a good one, but the score-book shows that rustic wickets did not suit Oxford Blues. It was a bitter disappointment when a promise to take me to the Canterbury Week had to be withdrawn. That was the occasion when, if I remember right, W. G. Grace got nought and two hundred and sixty-eight in one match, nought and two hundred and seventeen in the other. J. C. Shaw, or Alfred Shaw, I forget which, was responsible for both the duck's eggs.

Sunday was a mitigated Puritan Sabbath. The only amusing book we were allowed to read was one by Neale on the Christian Martyrs, whose ingenious tortures gave us great pleasure. But we were allowed to play a few games, only not the same that we played on week-days.

On one side our training was certainly peculiar.

My mother was not only a "Puseyite," as the Anglo-Catholics were then called, but a Jacobite, and a Tory of a far deeper blue than *The Morning Post*. The summaries of English reigns which we learned by heart were composed, I believe, by my grandfather. William IV "Was too good-natured to the Whigs and Radicals, and gave his consent to what was called the Reform Bill, which wants reformation." Our governess struck at this, and so fixed it indelibly in my mind. A history of England informed us that "the established religion is the Episcopal Protestant, but all other religions are tolerated." I gathered that I was to express disapproval not only of the word Protestant but of the principle of toleration, which I did with a vigour that even my mother thought excessive. My father, like every serious Englishman in his generation, read through the Parliamentary debates with veneration. A member of Parliament was a magnificent being, surpassed in majesty only by a bishop. Anyone who can remember the 'seventies will recall the amazing respect paid to these two dignities. My parents abhorred Gladstone's politics, but could not forget that he was a "good Churchman," which could hardly be said of Disraeli, though on a celebrated occasion he declared himself on the side of the angels.

The high Churchmanship of those days would hardly be recognised as such now. Ecclesiastical millinery was totally neglected; I do not think that my grandfather ever wore a cassock. On the other hand, there was no hesitation in calling dissenters heretics, or schismatics, or both. The Church of England was the only religious body that had a right to exist. There was a small Wesleyan chapel in the village; but half the Methodists came to church once on Sundays, and all, I think, were married and buried by the rector. The stiffer Churchmanship of the next generation drove all such pious waverers into unmitigated Nonconformity. I well remember the church harmonium, but I was too late for the barrel-organ which once refused to stop, and was carried out playing the Old Hundredth down the churchyard.

On another occasion, while my father was preaching, the church door was thrown open, and a red face appeared at the entrance. "If you please, Mr. Inge," said the voice, "can you lend us your squutt," (garden hose); "there's a rick on fire."

The mental troubles of a nervous child were not so well understood then as they are now. I had a terrible fright when I was three or four years old, from suddenly seeing the distorted reflection of my face at the bottom of a sink. For many years after-

wards I could not bear to look at myself in the glass, for fear of seeing some such horror as had once terrified me. Long after I was grown up I was conscious of a wish to shut my eyes while passing a mirror. The psycho-analysts, in spite of much unpleasant nonsense, have done good service in calling attention to these "phobias," the result of early frights. How common they are it is impossible to say.

I was nearly fourteen when I went for one term to a preparatory school. When I went to say good-bye to my grandfather, the good old man took leave of me in the lines from Shakespeare:

> "If we do meet again, why, we shall smile;
> If not, why then this parting was well made."

We did not meet again. He died a few days before I went in for my Eton examination.

I was fortunate enough to be at Eton during the height of its wonderful successes in classical scholarship. Not even Shrewsbury under Kennedy had a more brilliant record at Cambridge than Eton under Hornby in the ten years of which I speak. In six years out of eight the best scholar of the year was an Etonian; in one of the other two years our best man went to Oxford. The system in the upper part of the School was peculiar to Eton. The compulsory work was very light, but the classical tutors, of

whom I was lucky enough to have the best, Mr. F. St. J. Thackeray, a cousin of the novelist, gave extra help to the cleverer boys, and encouraged them to work by themselves. The competition was intense, especially in the months before the examination for the Newcastle Scholarship, the blue ribbon of Eton. The untired brains and unspoiled eyes of eighteen can work for ten or eleven hours a day, absorbing knowledge like a sponge. We sat up till the small hours with a shaded candle (for "lighting-up" was against rules), and were none the worse for it. We did not know ourselves how hot the pace was till we went to the University, and as for our doings there, are they not written in the chronicles of the Cambridge University Calendar?

Whether the classical course, as pursued at Eton and Cambridge forty or fifty years ago, was really a very good education, I have my doubts. It was not cram. We read in masses, and we read the original authors, not modern books about them. We had to use our brains, for the apparatus of notes and cribs was not nearly so complete as it is now. Composition in Greek and Latin prose and verse was by no means waste of time. It compelled us to study the classical authors with an eye to their literary beauties, as models for us to imitate; and it compelled us to understand the English authors

whom we had to translate into Latin or Greek, which is not such a simple matter as some may think. But it did not broaden the mind. We were not encouraged to think that life has problems to solve; there was hardly any essay-writing, and hardly the rudiments of philosophy or scientific history. The subsequent careers of our most brilliant scholars have been a little disappointing. Several of them have become bishops; but these, though excellent men and capable administrators, will leave no mark upon the thought of their time.

There was, indeed, a group of boys of a different type. If we had been asked to choose the two among our contemporaries who were most likely to be distinguished men, we should probably have named J. K. Stephen and H. C. Goodhart. Both, unfortunately, died young, but not before justifying the high opinion of their school-fellows. Sir Cecil Spring-Rice, our Ambassador at Washington, belonged to this group; but the only quite first-class reputation made by the Collegers of my time was that of Lord Parker of Waddington, one of the greatest judges of our day. Some of us naturally returned to Eton as masters, a career which does not lead to public honours, but which has satisfied some of the best and ablest men whom I have known. Such, among the men of my "election,"

are the present Vice-Provost of Eton and the present *Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge; and such was the late H. F. W. Tatham, who headed the list in 1874, when I was second, and who lost his life in the Alps. It must always be remembered, in considering the relation of scholarly distinction to success in life, that a large proportion of scholars will choose to make learning their profession. The Muses have neither fame nor fortune in their gift; but their votaries may think that they can bestow what is better than either.

It must not be thought that Eton Collegers were indifferent to the prevailing cult of athletics. They prided themselves on both playing and working harder than the rest of the school, and there was one year when they were more than willing to play the rest of the school at football—at the "Field" game. I was very fond of cricket, but never got farther than the College Eleven.

My undergraduate life at Cambridge was too much like my life at Eton, a continuation of the same kind of work, which ought to have been changed for something less like schoolboy reading—intense application when an important examination was near, and the same games. After the first part of the Classical Tripos I specialised in ancient

*Mr. A. C. Benson has died since this article was written.

history, and this was the year that I enjoyed most. I have often thought that if I could begin again I should choose to be a historian. What I should have made of it, neither I nor anyone else will ever know, but the subject fascinated me then, and has done so ever since.

My holidays, till 1881, were passed mainly at Alrewas, a straggling, difficult, and rather unattractive parish on the banks of the Trent, of which my father was vicar till he went to Oxford. My parents were so busy that they seldom met except at meals, where parochial shop was discussed *ad nauseam*, and the parishioners usually came to see my father at meal-times, because they were sure of finding him in. If I had ever wished to become a parish priest, the experience of these holidays dispelled any such desire.

It was not till rather later that I became interested in theology, and unhappily for my parents I could not return to the Anglo-Catholicism which was so near to their hearts. My father took my heresies philosophically; but my mother could not forgive my defection, and I fear never did entirely forgive me. There was more than a trace of the attitude of Monica to Augustine when he dabbled in the errors of the Manichæans. These family divisions, due to differences in religion, are very

distressing; it will be remembered that Christ clearly predicted that this would be one of the results of His coming. The author of *Ecce Homo* and Matthew Arnold were among the prophets of that generation. They are in part antiquated, but I am not ashamed of having been influenced by them. "Honest doubt" and all the attitude which those words suggest are now laughed at by some who are dogmatists without ceasing to be sceptics. There was a moral earnestness about the theological Liberalism of the 'eighties which we cannot always observe in the breezy cocksureness of the returned Army chaplain. But I had at that time no thought of becoming a clergyman; I was twenty-eight before I applied for deacon's orders, and thirty-two before I proceeded to the priesthood.

It is a strange thing to cast one's eyes back upon the past. It is a mist-covered tract, with peaks rising here and there above the clouds. The earliest recollections are among the clearest; but after-experience has deeply coloured even those things which we remember best; we unconsciously alter the past every time we rethink or retell it. We put down to wisdom and foresight what was merely luck; we think we aimed at what merely fell into our lap. We think we are miserable at one time and happy at another; but it is certain that, as a wise

Frenchman has said, we are never either so happy or so unhappy as we suppose. Dull care, says Horace, sits behind the horseman; but we generally forget that he is there. And our happy years were years when, as we regretfully confess when they are gone, we did not know how well off we were.

The wise man does not grudge the time spent in keeping his memories green. How much love and care were lavished upon us when we were thoughtless children, accumulating debts which we can never repay and which we can only acknowledge by passing on some of what we owe to our parents to our children! I have several cases full of my mother's letters, beautifully written and full of the wistful anxiety of a good woman for her son. The art of letter-writing has fallen on evil days; few of us have time for it, or we think we have not time. And the younger generation seldom keeps letters. But they are a part of our past lives, and, if we are wise, we shall lose no opportunity of linking our days together, as Wordsworth says, by natural piety. There is a real danger in this hurrying and irreverent age that the bonds which unite past and present may be snapped, that the traditions which make our national life one and continuous may be lost, and that so we may forfeit part of our heritage as actors in a moving pageant which began long ago,

which has been, in spite of all defects, worthy of love and admiration, but the end of which is uncertain and unknown. Those only can care intelligently for the future of England to whom her past is dear.

2. LATER RECOLLECTIONS

IT has been suggested to me that I might add a continuation of my "Early Recollections," dealing with my professional life. No biography of me shall ever be written, if I can prevent it. In these short reminiscences I shall say as little as may be about myself.

Eton, 1884-1888

There are some places which have such an undefinable charm that those who have lived in them, even if they have not been very happy at the time, think of them with a loyalty and affection which never fades, and of which they cannot give any prosaic explanation. Such places are our two ancient English universities, and several of our great public schools. The charm of Oxford and Cambridge, of Eton and Winchester, is felt even by the casual visitor. It may be that the creation of this love and loyalty is no small part of the benefit which

a boy derives from his public school education, for it is a pure and disinterested emotion, and it keeps his memory green for the spring-time of life. We imbibe it almost unconsciously. I remember at an Eton Founder's Day banquet how a distinguished Old Etonian made a most tactless speech, saying that as far as he knew Eton had done nothing for him. Dr. Hornby, who was never at a loss for a happy phrase, replied: "Of course he does not know. That is the beauty of Eton." Most old Etonians do not know exactly what Eton did for them; but they are ready to give credit to their school for the less regrettable incidents in their careers.

I have said elsewhere that I have never known an abler set of men than the best of the Eton masters in my time. It is a very exacting profession, demanding scholarship, power of discipline, tact, knowledge of the world, and (for a house master) the gifts of a hotel-keeper. The system, at any rate before Dr. Warre became headmaster, seemed to have been devised to get the maximum of work out of the masters with the minimum of inconvenience to the boys. The staff saw no outside society, except visiting parents; for nine months of the year they were as hard worked as a barrister or doctor in large practice. Yet several of them were

highly cultivated men, of wide reading and many interests.

The boys were individually charming, but the teaching was made unnecessarily difficult. The majority of the boys did not come from very intellectual homes, and the parents had no great faith in the value of the classical training which the school purported to give. There was still a privileged class in England before the war, and privilege does not tend to industry or efficiency. The " divisions " (school classes) were too large ; I once had thirty-eight boys in my division. Every experienced schoolmaster will agree that each boy beyond the number of thirty increases the difficulty both of teaching and of keeping order. The divisions were not homogeneous ; a master might have in his class clever boys who had been moved up, and very stupid or idle boys who had been kept down. Above all, the system of teaching the classics, at Eton, as elsewhere, was fatuous. About twenty lines of Greek or Latin, which the boys had already construed with their tutors, had to be spread over an hour, by dint of parsing and going over the lesson twice. It was impossible to make such a lesson anything but a weariness to master and boys alike. The only way to make the classics interesting is to read them in masses—in English if neces-

sary, commenting on the subject-matter and without minute attention to grammar. In the war between classics and the modern side, the Trojans have beaten the Greeks because of the stupidity with which the Greeks have defended the weakest part of their line. It was perhaps a survival of the old notion that learning should be made as distasteful as possible to the scholar, in order to strengthen his character. There is no conservative like your educationist.

Oxford, 1889-1904

After four years of this uphill work, I decided to accept a fellowship and tutorship at Hertford College, Oxford, where I remained for fifteen years. Hitherto, though my father was Head of an Oxford College, I had hardly known Oxford, except in the vacations. The two Universities resemble each other much more than either of them resembles any other place in the world, but there are some differences. Oxford was at that time already a residential town; the society at Cambridge was more exclusively academical. The honour paid to philosophy at Oxford and to mathematics at Cambridge made a subtle difference in the standpoint from which many questions were considered.

Minute accuracy was almost a fetish at Cambridge; the respect given to commentatorship was, I cannot help thinking, excessive. At Oxford, on the other hand, men liked to refer particular questions back to general principles, and attention to details may occasionally have suffered. Such, at least, are likely to be the rather impertinent first impressions of a man who goes from one university to the other.

The life in college rooms suited me. A man of my temperament is much happier with a fixed income, and becomes unreasonably worried if his receipts fluctuate even slightly. Incomes at the universities are small, but the expenses in college rooms are still smaller, and there are no house-keeping troubles whatever. The work is pleasant, and the university terms so absurdly short that the don has half the year to himself. No conditions could be more favourable for foreign travel, or for independent research and literary work. The society of the Senior Common Rooms is agreeable and interesting, though in a college where most of the Fellows are married there may be very few left at the High Table, and too much specialising may at times produce the conditions which dispersed the builders of Babel.

For the first seven or eight years I was thoroughly

happy. Then I began to feel restless, as I think many other college tutors do, and to wish for a house of my own. Life in college rooms tends to produce the habits of a hermit crab; it is too easy, and does not enlarge a man's experience. And before the fifteen years were over I was conscious of beginning to get stale, individualising each batch of pupils a little less than their predecessors, and becoming bored (and no wonder!) with my own lectures. I am inclined to think that the profession of a don is better for half a man's working life than for the whole.

All Saints', Knightsbridge, 1905-1907

In the year 1905 two events happened which sharply divided my life into two parts. One was my marriage; the other was my appointment by Canon Henson, as Rector of St. Margaret's, Westminster, to the living of All Saints', Ennismore Gardens. The latter was almost as great a plunge into the unknown as the former. Although I had been Chaplain of my College, and Bampton Lecturer, I had seen nothing of Church work, and had had no parochial experience. Nor did I know anything of life in London. But my parish was quite unlike the ordinary parish. The district

was quietly aristocratic; there was a large proportion of elderly people, some of them very rich, and others with moderate incomes, but living for the most part in houses of much the same size. The middle-class element was hardly represented at all; but there were a few picturesque paupers, pensioned by the church, and so well looked after by the devout and honourable ladies, who could not leave blankets and grapes on each other, that I think they ought to have paid income tax.

I was fortunate enough to secure two excellent curates, one of whom had had some experience. The most important part of my work was the Sunday morning sermon, to which I was able to give my best. It was not altogether easy to preach to a congregation which included three of His Majesty's judges and several other very able men, and also a number of churchgoers who wanted very simple spiritual food. But on the whole I think I steered pretty well between the two extremes.

I am glad to have seen something of London society before the Great War. No one now living will ever see again such abundance, cheapness, and luxurious comfort as the prosperous classes in England enjoyed in the years before the great catastrophe broke upon us. I found the society more interesting, because more varied, than that of

Oxford; but I cannot help thinking that the London ladies have now wider interests and a keener intelligence than most of them showed in their conversation twenty years ago. I think also that social differences are less accentuated now than they were then. No doubt there may be some persons who are capable of smiling on a dean and snubbing a vicar; but I think there has been a real change; and at any rate it is pleasanter to be received by a genial parlourmaid than by a supercilious butler.

The golden age of the West End incumbent was definitely brought to an end by the war. I was probably wise from a worldly point of view, though I could not have foreseen it, to take the opportunity of returning to academical work as Lady Margaret Professor at Cambridge; but both of us regretted leaving London, where we had made many delightful friends.

Cambridge, 1907-1911

No position in the world could have been more congenial to me than the tenure of that ancient professorial Chair, dignified by the names of many great scholars who had held it before me. We had

a very good house, with a garden, a luxury I have never enjoyed before or since. There was almost unlimited time for study, and I looked forward to spending the rest of my life in work upon the philosophy of religion, especially on the development of the Platonic tradition after the Christian era. I had no expectation of another move, and no desire for it.

There was only one disappointment. I had hoped to put the best of my thoughts into my professorial lectures, and to give a stimulus to a branch of theology which has always been more cultivated at Oxford than at Cambridge. But I found, as I ought to have anticipated, that the professors of divinity, as teachers, were mainly occupied in instructing young men who intended to take Holy Orders, and that the majority of these were intellectually on a far lower level than the classical Honours men whom I had taught at Oxford. It was not possible to give such lectures as I had contemplated. There were always three or four students of a different calibre, and I was able to give these a little help privately.

My three and a half years as a professor at Cambridge were among the happiest of my life.

St. Paul's, 1911—

It was a staggering surprise to me when I received Mr. Asquith's letter offering me the Deanery of St. Paul's. I had never sought for ecclesiastical preferment, and had no suspicion that my name had ever been considered for any of the great positions in the Church of England. The choice was, I believe, the Prime Minister's own. Archbishop Davidson, though he was always personally very kind to me, distrusted men with the cross-bench mind. He liked those who could be counted on to keep step, and to support the government. Mr. Asquith said it was his hope that I would revive the old traditions of the Deanery of St. Paul's as the most literary appointment in the Church of England. I was to remember Milman, Mansel, and Church, and to try to justify my appointment by taking a prominent part in the world of literature, scholarship, and theology. This I have endeavoured to do, to the best of my ability.

The position of a Dean in the Church of England is very little understood in the outside world. It differs widely in different Cathedrals; in the later foundations the Dean has more independent authority than in the earlier. But in most cases his position is very much like that of the Head of a Cambridge College. (At Oxford, the Heads have a certain

amount of administrative work; at Cambridge, in most Colleges, very little.) The post is a very trying one for an active man with ideas of his own. When we lived in Staffordshire, Dean Bickersteth of Lichfield used to call at our house, in order to pour into my mother's sympathetic ears the story of his woes. Montagu Butler, who at Harrow had long ruled six hundred boys and fifty masters with an iron hand carefully wrapped in a velvet glove, was more than once reduced to tears by his impotence as Dean of Gloucester. Dean Wace of Canterbury, a hot-tempered man, used to storm out of Chapter meetings breathing threatenings and slaughter against his colleagues. There is probably no Cathedral in which the Dean is more absolutely powerless than at St. Paul's. I soon discovered that my position was that of a mouse, who if he dares to poke his nose out of his hole, finds four cats watching him, ready to pounce. I do not mean to suggest that my relations with the Canons have ever been strained. Indeed, as Cathedral Chapters go, I think we have got on very well together. But I would not recommend any man who enjoys power, and likes to rule, to accept a Deanery, least of all the Deanery of St. Paul's, unless he sees his way to make a full and active life for himself outside the Cathedral.

Such a position would be intolerable if the administration, for which in the eyes of the world the Dean is responsible, were unsatisfactory. But it has been my good fortune to find an unusual degree of competence and loyalty in all the departments of the Cathedral service. Indeed, I have never known a great machine run so smoothly, and I hope I have shown no ingratitude in emphasising the total absence of liberty which the statutes and usages of the Cathedral impose on the titular Head of the Chapter. I frankly admit that the work is better done than it would be if I were personally in control, and for this reason I have acquiesced in the undignified rôle of a *roi fainéant.*

My opportunities of making the acquaintance of the leading men in Church and State—the heads of the great professions, and those who have won fame in literature, art, science, and commerce, have made my life in London intensely interesting. It is often said that ours is not an age of great men; that we have a great deal of good second-rate ability, but few or no outstanding figures on the same level as the famous Victorians. To which some of our younger men, like Mr. Lytton Strachey, reply that the Victorians were not nearly so great as their contemporaries supposed them to be. It is difficult to decide. Hero-worship is easier when the

stage is less crowded. A tall man looks like a giant when he has only undersized persons round him. But I am inclined to think that the conditions of modern life are not very favourable to the emergence of great genius. We have a large number of very able men who just fall short of greatness. The most original work seems to be done in science; but this is such a highly specialised form of ability that its possessors do not always make a powerful impression on those who meet them. In art and literature the public taste fluctuates so much that it is hard to predict what names will be held in honour fifty years hence.

One of the pleasantest parts of my duties has been the close connexion into which my position has brought me with the successive occupants of the Mansion House, with the great Livery Companies, and with the merchants and tradesmen of the City of London. This was an entirely new experience, and no one can mix much with men of this type without being struck by their ability, generosity, and good sense. One of the worst mistakes made by the parochial Clergy is to devote all their attention to the poor, and to neglect the prosperous business men and their families, as if they had no souls to be saved. We may learn as much from men engaged in commerce as from any others, and I have

always found them very friendly. Their munificence in supporting our Preservation Fund is known to all.

The state of the Church of England, when seen at close quarters, is not very encouraging. Most of the leading churchmen, though socially much in evidence, are intellectually in hiding. Their *ex cathedra* pronouncements carry no weight. The debates in the Church Assemblies seem to transport one into a strange unreal world, where important things are ignored and unimportant magnified. The Church is profoundly divided in opinion, and no juggling with formulas, no exploits of "resolution English," can disguise differences which go down to the roots of religious belief. It may be that after long acquiescence in a purely opportunist policy, men of strong convictions will demand that the Church of England shall declare itself on matters of principle. Catholics, Protestants, and Liberals may find that they can no longer shelter under the same umbrella. There may be another period of secessions, expulsions, and disruption. In any case, I cannot believe that the ministry of the Church will continue to be shunned, as it is now, by men of energy and ability. The notion that Christianity has no longer an important part to play in human affairs is, I believe, quite erroneous. We shall see

some strange developments; but there will be ample scope for men of the highest gifts in the ecclesiastical life of the next generation. Personally, I rest my hopes on a new Reformation on Erasmian lines. A vast amount of lumber will have to be cleared away. The Jewish survivals in our public worship diffuse an atmosphere of unreality over the whole. The reversion to sacerdotalism and magic can only purchase a temporary and discreditable success at the price of ultimate disaster. The Church must surrender the obvious advantages which it might win by bribing, cajoling, frightening, and bargaining with the irreligious. It must be content to be severely Christian, making its appeal only to the minority who "love the Lord Jesus Christ in uncorruptness." All the rest is wood, hay, stubble, which will be burnt up at the next conflagration.

Retrospect

In looking back over an active life which in the course of nature must be nearly over, my deepest feeling is intense thankfulness to the Providence which as I believe with entire conviction, has taught me from my youth up until now. My second is the humiliating reflexion how much happier I should

have been, especially in the early part of my life, if I had laid to heart the precept of the Sermon on the Mount: "Be not anxious about the morrow, for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof." It is the troubles that never come which prevent us from making the best of the real blessings of life.

3. LABELS AND LIBELS

IN these days, when the value of *esprit de corps* is everywhere extolled, when Churchmen congratulate themselves on the rediscovery of "the corporate idea," when the lamented Professor Royce writes a book to prove that the essence of Christianity consists in "loyalty to the beloved community," it is worth while to show the other side of the shield. Loyalty finds itself in devotion to a symbol of some kind, a name or a flag or a catchword, and it seldom thrives in the absence of some other symbol, which is hated as much as our own symbol is loved. If it would be going too far to say that these labels are the invention of the enemy of mankind, it is certain that he has used them to do his most effective work, and to thwart most of the good that the Christian revelation was meant to do in the world. The spirit of partisanship, with all the hatred, injustice, and cruelty which it evokes, has dogged Christianity like its shadow from the very first, and has enabled its enemies to maintain plausibly that it has brought more evil than good to

the human race. All other vices of human nature have been diminished by Christianity; this one it seems actually to have increased. Even the immediate disciples of Christ were conquered by it. They wished to "forbid" one who cast out devils in the name of Christ, but did not belong to His company; James and John would have liked to call down fire from heaven upon a Samaritan village; and, according to an old legend, St. John rushed out of a public bath when he saw the heretic Cerinthus inside the building. This is the more extraordinary because Christ Himself was more entirely free from this spirit than any other religious leader who has ever lived. He had a horror of labels; He abolished all man-made barriers by calmly ignoring them. He cared nothing at all whether a man was a Jew or a Samaritan or a Roman or a Greek; He would not hold Himself aloof even from those who followed disreputable callings. He attached no importance to professions of allegiance. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven, but he that doeth the will of my Father which is in heaven." "Ye shall know them by their fruits." "Who are my mother and my brethren? They that do the will of God." So great was His fear of militant institutionalism, that He founded no organisation, and recommended

only private prayer. The whole spirit of the Gospel—the spirit of love, sympathy, wide tolerance, and inwardness, is utterly opposed to the maxim *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*. Whether He ever preached beyond the territorial limits of orthodox Judaism or not, in principle He threw down all barriers, and St. Paul in no way went beyond the universalism of the Gospel itself.

How then did it come about that the Christian Church has been a religion of external classifications, of labels and anathemas and persecutions? It was mainly the Jewish tradition, the leaven of the Pharisees. Juvenal, who knew the Jews, though he did not know their Scriptures, supposed that fanatical exclusiveness was a rule of the Law:

Tradidit arcano quaecumque volumine Moses,
Non monstrare vias eadem nisi sacra colenti,
Quaesitum ad fontem solos deducere verpos.

But it was partly Roman, at least in its later developments. If the Roman Church was *de iure* co-extensive with the world, all who seceded from it were rebels and traitors. The persecutions hardened the organisation of the Church; the military discipline which was begun for self-preservation was continued for dominion. The maxim of Caiaphas,

melius est ut unus pereat quam unitas, was ruthlessly applied. No doubt there was also the dread, handed down from primitive religion, that any member of the community who by his acts or opinions was displeasing to God, might bring punishment upon his tribe or nation; and we must allow for the mere instinct of pugnacity, which makes even the lower animals set upon one of their number who breaks loose from the herd. Whatever shares we may allow to these different influences, the Church soon took the character of a military monarchy with a hierarchic constitution, external tests of membership, and fierce antipathy to all who would not submit to them.

The greatest of the Church Fathers are quite explicit in their exclusiveness. "If anyone out of Noah's ark could escape the deluge," says Cyprian, "he who is out of the Church may also escape." Augustine says, to the same effect, "No one can have Christ for his head who is not in his body the Church." Fulgentius already declares that "without a shadow of doubt all Jews, heretics, and schismatics will go to eternal fire." The only exceptions, so far as I know, to this savage intolerance date from times when the Church was still in danger of persecution. Tertullian (*Ad Scapulam*, 2), and Lactantius (*Epitome Div. Inst.*, 54) plead for

liberty of conscience. The words of Lactantius are worth quoting: "*Religio sola est, in qua libertas domicilium collocavit. Res est enim praeter ceteras voluntaria, nec imponi cuiquam necessitas potest, ut colat quod non vult. Potest aliquis forsitan simulare; non potest velle.*" But these sentiments were quite forgotten when the Church could wield the secular arm. Even the saintly St. Louis, when asked by a knight what answer he should make to a Jewish controversialist, replied: "The best answer that a layman can make to a contentious Jew is to run his sword into him as far as it will go!" The Catholic theory is exactly expressed by Macaulay. "I am in the right, and you are in the wrong. When you are the stronger, you ought to tolerate me, for it is your duty to tolerate truth. But when I am the stronger, I shall persecute you, for it is my duty to persecute error." There was no wavering in this teaching till the Reformation, and the first Reformers were not much better. "Beyond the bosom of the Church," says Calvin, "no remission of sins is to be hoped for, nor any salvation." The Saxon, the Helvetic, the Belgic, the Scottish Confessions all proclaim the same doctrine. The Presbyterians, the Independents, the Anglicans agreed. Zwingli alone pictured heaven as "an assembly of all the saintly, the heroic, the faithful,

and the virtuous," where one may hope to meet Socrates, Aristides, and the Scipios and the Catos. Luther despaired of the salvation of Zwingli, when he read these words.

I wish to emphasise that this exclusiveness is the logical result of believing in labels. If God tickets human beings according to the societies of which they are "adherents" (the expression is most appropriate!) or the opinions which they profess, and if their eternal destiny is decided in this crude mechanical manner, it is obviously a work of charity to "compel them to come in," even if compulsion involves the burning of their material bodies. Catholicism is committed to this theory, and must always persecute whenever it is possible to do so. Leo X. condemned, among the errors of Luther, the proposition "*Haereticos comburi est contra voluntatem Spiritus*," and the Syllabus of 1864 condemns the statement that "*Ecclesia vim inferendi potestatem non habet.*" In 1898, at Irapuato in Mexico, a Protestant girl was dragged to the public square and threatened with burning.

The other consequences of the theory are not less disastrous. It makes it impossible to speak of God as just or merciful, unless we use these words in a different sense from that which they bear when we

use them of our fellow-creatures. John Stuart Mill's protest on this subject is well known. The doctrine of exclusive salvation, as Lecky says, blots out those fundamental notions of right and wrong which the Creator has engraven upon every heart; it extinguishes the lamp of conscience; it teaches men to stifle the inner voice as a lying witness. What kind of love for God, and what respect for His justice, can survive in the mind of a mother who believes that her infant, who died suddenly before she could have it baptized, is now in hell? Again, no other passion is so fatal to the pursuit of truth as fanatical partisanship. Wherever it exists, whether it takes the form of religious intolerance or ferocious patriotism, there is an atrophy of science, learning, and all the humane arts. Thirdly, by associating the conditions of salvation with institutional loyalty or correct belief, the foundations of morality are undermined. It has been said that there are two things which the average sensual man is willing to do for religion—to perform certain ritual observances, and to fight. This is not exactly the religion of the Gospels. Of the cruelty to which this theory logically leads something has been said already. The Spanish Inquisition alone burnt over 30,000 persons; and to read the *précis* of a trial by torture before

that tribunal (there are examples in Lea's History of the Inquisition) is to receive an impression of horror which nothing can ever efface. At this time, when a keen interest has been aroused in the fate of Justinian's great Church of the Holy Wisdom, it is instructive to remember the fate which befell that glorious building at the hands of Western Catholics in the Fourth Crusade. When the Latins turned aside from the conquest of Palestine and fell upon Constantinople, they placed an abandoned woman upon the Cathedral throne, and profaned the Holy Eucharist in a horrible manner. What else they did may be described in the words of the Novgorod chronicler: "They broke down the place of the priests ornamented with silver, the twelve silver columns of the Holy Table; they destroyed the screen, walls, and altar, and the twelve crosses which stood out of the altar like trees higher than a man. All these were of silver, and they carried off the wonderful table with the gems and the great pearl. They snatched away forty cups standing on the altar, and the candelabra which were too numerous to be counted. They stole the Gospels used for the service, and the cover over the altar and forty censers of pure gold. They laid hands on all the gold and silver and priceless vessels in the church." And yet the Greeks were

not even heretics. *Tantum religio potuit suadere malorum.*

The price which has to be paid for organised and military efficiency in religion is much too high. And it rests on a lie. God does not judge us by the labels which we wear on our coats, but by the love and the justice which we cherish in our hearts.

The history of Europe since the Reformation has been, for religious bigotry, a history of decline and waning power. It is only in backward countries that religious persecution, in its old violent form, is conceivable. The last example was the judicial murder of Francesco Ferrer at Barcelona, and this crime sent a thrill of indignation through the whole world. The doctrine of exclusive salvation is so contrary to experience that it requires a seminary education to make it credible, in spite of the declarations of the Popes that all non-Catholics are outside the sphere of divine grace, and "under the wrath of God." And though seminaries still exist and flourish, it is impossible to rear a crop of exotics by keeping the gardeners in hothouses, while the young plants are in the open air.

But the demon of labels and libels has not been exorcised. It has only been driven to operate in another channel. Catholicism, while it added continually fresh fuel to the flames of religious

intolerance, imposed some restraint upon national and racial hatred. The only internecine wars, during the great power of the Church, were religious wars. But as the authority of the Church declined, national and racial self-consciousness increased. We no longer abhor or despise those who worship God under different roofs from ourselves. We even feel that respect is due to any honest conviction. So Carlyle blamed Voltaire for treating the religion of his day with contempt. "It is a much more serious ground of offence that he intermeddled in religion without being himself religious; that he entered the Temple and continued there with a levity which in any Temple where men can worship beseems no brother man." This is not quite fair. Voltaire had a generous abhorrence of cruelty and bigotry, and attacked them with his own weapons. But such bitterness is no longer necessary. Laymen are inclined to smile at the verbal missiles, such as Schism, Heresy, Erastianism, Latitudinarianism, which ecclesiastics still fling at each other. But how different is our attitude towards a people of a different race, or even only of a different political allegiance! It is difficult to say whether ignorance of other nations, or personal contact with them, excites our animosity most. Pepys describes how the Russian and Spanish ambassadors were mobbed

in London, not because we had any quarrel with the nations or governments whom they represented, but only because Russians and Spaniards are very unlike Englishmen. The most absurd stories about the manners and customs of our neighbours find credence. The Englishman used to believe that the Frenchman subsisted mainly on frogs, and the Frenchman that the sale of wives at Smithfield was one of our national institutions. At the great exhibition of 1851, a member of Parliament expressed his horror at the prospect of inviting profligate Frenchmen to enter our innocent homes. On the other hand, when races are very diverse, familiarity breeds dislike. The Anglo-Indian official may go out to India intending to make friends with the natives, but his sympathies seem generally to cool down after a few years. An Englishman visiting the Southern States of the American Republic learns to keep his mouth shut about the negro question, but he is surprised and shocked by what he sees and hears. Yet Booker Washington would not allow us to use a self-righteous tone about our treatment of the negro. "You should go to South Africa," he said. The truth seems to be that races of very different types should keep apart. If there is miscegenation, as in the Spanish and Portuguese colonies, the superior race is degraded;

if there is none, there is a record of abominable cruelty and oppression. Sometimes, no doubt, race-hatred is mixed with economic motives. We in Great Britain have no dislike of the Jews, because we can take care of ourselves against them. The Aberdonians take such good care of themselves that no Jews can live in their town. Yet in many parts of the world the old religious hatred against the Jews seems to survive, plainly because it masks a very different ground of dislike. That unhappy people, debarred for centuries from other means of earning their livelihood, were driven to usury and then hated for it. The combination of religious and racial prejudice, reinforced by economic causes, produced one of the most disgraceful chapters in the history of mankind. The economic motive is even more apparent in the dislike of Europeans to the peoples of the Far East. Here there is no physical aversion, such as some feel for the black and even the brown races; the Japanese, at any rate, are attractive in appearance, and their women are often beautiful. Nor can any one not blinded by prejudice speak of racial inferiority in the case of these nations. A distinguished ethnologist told me that some of the largest brains that he had measured belonged to Japanese; and in some branches of art and mechanical skill both they and the Chinese

are unquestionably our superiors. Yet because they are heirs of a different civilization, and because they possess certain virtues which we do not wish to acquire, and which may become very inconvenient to ourselves, we treat them with habitual injustice and occasionally with diabolical cruelty. When the allied troops were marching on Pekin during the Boxer rising, the Chinese girls, who had heard something of the manners of European soldiers, drowned themselves by scores to escape falling into the hands of the Christians. So potent is the labelling habit to extinguish all sentiments of humanity. We may find out some day that Asiatics have long memories.

The notion that some nations or races are intrinsically superior to others has produced a great deal of false science and bad philosophy. The Germans have evolved a theory about the superiority of the Teutonic or Nordic stock, to which they suppose themselves to belong, though in reality the common broad-headed German type points to a descent from what ethnologists call the Alpine race, which moved westward from central Asia. They even try to make out that all the great men of history, with a few exceptions, have been of German origin. They will not allow the Jews to keep the Founder of Christianity, nor the Italians Dante; and Shakespeare must have been a German. The French like

to expatiate on national characters. England, for example, is the country of will. These labels seem to me as worthless as religious labels. Our ancestors in the Middle Ages struck foreign observers as an easy-going, pleasure-loving people. The qualities for which foreigners give us credit, or discredit, are mainly the result of our geographical position, our limited territory, and our coal and iron fields. The French, who have the reputation of being volatile and artistic, are as tenacious and as fond of making money as any nation on earth. The Italians, whom their neighbours fancy basking picturesquely in the sun, never sit in the sun if they can help it, and are the hardest workmen in Europe. Mr. Bernard Shaw has argued plausibly that the Irishman is a more practical person than the Englishman. The whole literature of national characteristics seems to me to be worth very little. I have heard that the Jewish soldiers in our army were so much annoyed by the unkind suggestion that their motto was probably "No advance without security," that it was impossible to hold them back.

It is of course in war-time that this labelling of other nations ceases to be a scientific error and becomes a delirious mania. There are thousands of people in the allied countries who honestly believe that every man who has had the misfortune to be

born between the Rhine and the Vistula has a double dose of original sin. It is curious to reflect that until Napoleon trampled on the Germans, and made the iron enter into their souls, where it has remained ever since, their great thinkers were less infected with exclusive nationalism than the leaders of thought in any other country. This is certainly true of Kant and Goethe. Goethe avowed that the sentiment of patriotism was unintelligible to him, and that national hatred is always strongest in peoples at the lowest level of *Kultur*. But unfortunately this great nation has furnished the strongest example in modern history of the pernicious effects of educating a people in the way in which it should not go. Just as the Roman Church, whenever it gets the control of education, imbues the minds of the young with an indelible taint of fierce bigotry, so the German government, holding in its grip the whole course of national training, from the infant school to the university, has sedulously inculcated that evil kind of patriotism which consists largely of hatred and contempt for other nations. Already in 1836 Quinet speaks of German national antipathy as something unique and horrible. Taillandier in 1840 speaks of the " fever of hate " against France which he found at Heidelberg. The French soon after began to speak of *teutonisme* to indicate boast-

ful and bitter nationalism. Nor is the German hatred against England anything new. Baroness de Bunsen (as Mr. A. D. McClaren quotes in the *Hibbert Journal*) wrote in 1859: "The fact of power and preponderance alone, without the existence of injuries to resent, is shown to be quite sufficient ground for the unsparing national hatred entertained by the great proportion of Germans (whether Protestant or Romanist) against England." A veritable gospel of malignity was taught everywhere, with every encouragement from above, so that even in Treitschke's lifetime no one could gainsay the complacent dictum of that historian: "We are the greatest haters in the world." The famous Hymn of Hate by Lissauer, which our soldiers amazed the Germans by singing as a comic song in the trenches, was not at all comic to them; it was meant in deadly earnest. But it is surely significant that the temperature of German hatred was lowered in proportion as it percolated from the official fountain-head down to the masses. Among the official class, and especially the University professors, it was at white heat; among the social democrats of the great towns it could hardly be said to exist. This is an indication that though it was unquestionably real, it was largely artificial, and not a deep-rooted peculiarity of the German

temperament. All governments at war try to stimulate hatred, and are not very scrupulous how they do it. It is one of the most detestable parts of war that it is considered necessary to distort the judgment and to inflame the passions of one's own countrymen. Germany, with her usual thoroughness, had begun to store up this spiritual poison gas, along with her material munitions, many years in advance. The name of Heine may be added to those who have regarded rancorous brooding hatred as ingrained in the German nature. But I do not think that this is good science.

The English are perhaps the least vindictive people in Europe. This is partly because we tend to be individualists, and do not readily make either ourselves or other groups the impersonation of some quality which we admire or hate; and partly because we habitually think in terms of sport, and the object of the sportsman is never simply to win; he likes a good opponent, and bears no malice if he is fairly beaten. English hatred, which gradually became furious enough, was roused almost entirely by the baseness of German methods. The cad is the one sinner for whom in England there is no forgiveness. Never before in our history have we felt towards an enemy as we have done in this war, because never before have we fought against an

enemy who seemed destitute of chivalry. But we shall soon remember that "Germany" is an abstraction, and in a very few years we shall feel the absurdity of treating every individual German as if he was personally responsible for sinking the *Lusitania*. We are as much misled by labels as other nations; but our labels are usually like the light and dark blue caps at a cricket-match; they stimulate rivalry, but not hatred. Our partisanships are often silly, but seldom insane. Our long political experience in trying to govern ourselves may have helped to produce this result; and there seems to the Englishman to be something contemptible in animosity against an opponent; it is unsportsman-like and—bad business. It is significant that we have never yet made an implacable enemy, and that no coalition has ever been formed against us.

It is plain that what we are dealing with in this discussion is the ingrained instinct of pugnacity, which flows into whatever mould is ready to receive it. When our chief interest was in organised religion, and when the idea of a universal Church, the spiritual continuation of the Roman Empire, filled men's minds, partisanship and combativeness took the form of religious exclusiveness and persecution. When the idea of nationality came to the front, the civilised man became an over-ardent

patriot. If happier circumstances, such as the absence of menacing rivals, permit this instinct to take a gentler form, it works itself out in sport, in party politics or sectarian zeal. An American can never make an Englishman understand that it matters much whether the Republicans or the Democrats are in power, any more than we can understand the subtle theological *nuances* of the Scottish Churches; but there is as much excitement over an American Presidential election as if the most vital principles were at stake. We must take human nature as it is, with all its absurdities, and try to divert them into comparatively harmless channels. Games are the best safety-valve for the spirit of mere pugnacity; they effect what Aristotle calls a purgation of the emotions, a kind of vaccination against the real disease. Politics perform the same office for older men; but they are apt to become too serious, when one side begins to plunder the other; and the politician as a rule is not such an honest fellow as the professional cricketer and baseball player. In matters which are really important, we must eschew labels as a snare of the devil. For example, in judging of a man's character, it is not fair to sum him up as a gambler, or a miser, or a wine-bibber. He may be what we call him; but he is many other things besides; the label is

not descriptive of the man, but only of one corner of him. This is the only valid objection to capital punishment. You cannot execute a murderer without hanging with the same rope half a dozen other men who do not deserve to be hanged. And in joining a party, we must consider very carefully how far names correspond with realities. The devil frequently captures the organisations which were formed to defeat him, and uses them for his own purposes. The Church no sooner triumphed than it brought back nearly all those corruptions of religion, to destroy which Christ suffered himself to be nailed to the Cross. If the Roman officials could have seen the Church of the Middle Ages, they would not have cared to persecute the Christians, nor would the martyrs have cared, perhaps, to go to the stake. When Carnot introduced conscription into France to save the revolution, he did not see that he was making the Napoleonic empire inevitable, still less that Napoleonism would come to life again a hundred years later on the other side of the Rhine. Religious sects gradually lose their *raison d'être* as time goes on, because most people remain in the denomination in which they were born, though their cast of mind should have drawn them to some other type of religion. A large and broad Church like the Church of England contains specimens of

every kind of religion, from Ultramontanes to Quakers, and only a few slip off to find their natural friends. The same is true of the great non-Christian religions. A study of such books as Professor Reischauer's *Japanese Buddhism* convinces the reader that every form of religious philosophy, and every variety of cult and dogma, with which we are familiar in the history of Christianity, has its parallel in the development of Japanese thought and practice. We have nothing new to teach them, except our Western names and terminology. The history of Buddhism is indeed extraordinarily instructive to any one who wishes to understand the movements within Christianity from the second century to the present day.

It may be objected that this line of thought has a disintegrating and paralysing effect upon those who would like to devote their lives to the propagation of some good cause. But I am not arguing that there are no real cleavages, and no real battles to fight. Nor am I suggesting that we ought to be mere individualists, making our own way to the heavenly city like Christian in Bunyan's allegory. My contention is that the enthusiastic institutionalism which is now so often urged upon us cuts us off from many who ought to be our friends and allies, and unites us to many who ought to be in the opposite

camp. It is because the battle is real and serious that it is important that we should know our friends. The enemy is secularism, if we must find one word for the creed of human society as it organises itself apart from God. The New Testament calls it the world; but secularism is a less ambiguous name. It stands for a more or less coherent view of life, which is fundamentally antagonistic to the Gospel of Christ. It involves a gross over-valuation of the good things of this life, money, comfort, sensual indulgence, and ambition; and it is deliberately blind to the whole glorious vision of a world behind the veil. For those who believe in an eternal spiritual world, in which we have our true home, the whole perspective is radically altered; nothing remains the same. This is the real cleavage; and it obviously cuts across all external and mechanical classifications, such as those which divide men into Catholics and Protestants, Englishmen, Americans, and Germans. The war has for the time accentuated some of these barrier-lines, but it has thrown down or obliterated others; and it has brought us all into touch with hard facts, with facts at their very hardest. The opportunity is now offered to make an end of misleading labels, and to reorganise our forces according to their true affinities. The cause of reunion among all "who love our Lord Jesus Christ

in incorruptness" will be advanced more by intelligent sympathy than by diplomatic negotiations between the leaders of denominations. We want to recognise that these barriers have been already in principle abolished by Christ Himself. He did not (in spite of the Vulgate and Authorised Version) promise that all his disciples should be gathered into "one fold"; but He did promise that they should be one flock, with one Shepherd. Partisanship and pugnacity have never succeeded in wholly dividing Christians. We use each other's hymns and devotional books; the literature of mysticism is strangely independent of time, country, and creed. We work together in scholarship, in moral reform, and in philanthropy. And in the chambers where good men pray, Christendom has never been divided. The nearer we are to God, the nearer we come to our brethren, both those that we know and those that we know not. It is far better that sympathy and understanding should come first, than that political alliances should be formed between Christian bodies which do not understand each other. It is unhappily true that one great body, the Roman Catholic Church, is so committed to the principle of exclusiveness that it cannot, without discarding its fundamental policy, maintained unbroken for fifteen hundred years, recognise

other Christians as brethren. Romanism is the Prussianism of religion; and at present no way out of this *impasse* can be found. But the Orthodox Eastern Church is far less uncompromising. Within the last few years we have welcomed at St. Paul's the Archbishop of Belgrade, the Archbishop of Nicosia in Cyprus, and the Archbishop of Athens. These ecclesiastics have walked in our processions with the Cathedral clergy, and they have taken part in our services. The Cyprian Archbishop gave the benediction in Greek by my invitation at the end of one of our Sunday services; and a Serbian priest, the well-known Father Nicolai, delivered a sermon from our pulpit, being the first preacher, not in Anglican Orders, to occupy that position. The movement for the interchange of pulpits is still resisted by the official representatives of the Church of England; but it cannot long be prevented, for the law is being broken in every part of the country, and the congregations approve. Friendly intercourse outside places of worship, between different religious bodies, is uninterrupted; and to know one another is to respect one another. The chaplains returning from the front, whose opinions are listened to with great attention, are for the most part strong reunionists. They have lived in surroundings where the absurdity of stiff denomin-

ationalism is too patent to be denied. And at home, the war has sifted the wheat from the chaff. The unselfish, devoted war-worker, in public offices, in hospitals, in canteens, in factories, has shown his or her mettle, and the shirker has been found out too. All have seen how little outward professions of belief have to do with character. "Not every one that saith unto me, Lord, Lord"—we all know now how true these words are.

The tide is flowing towards reunion among all who do not make a principle and a policy of exclusiveness and monopoly. But the cult of labels is still an obstacle: it is difficult to resist the waving of flags and the repetition of catchwords. It is a vulgar and unchristian habit. A Christian ought to go through life in the spirit of a worshipper, always looking out for manifestations of the divine wisdom, goodness, and beauty in the world. And assuredly he will not expect to find these tokens only or mainly in external nature. "The Spirit of man is the throne of the Godhead," as Macarius says; or, in the more tender words of another early Christian writer, "When thou seest thy brother thou seest thy Lord." Those who strive after this temper will rejoice in finding points of agreement rather than points of difference; they will try to establish relations of sympathy with all who are in any way

entitled to respect; they will recognise that they may have something to learn from men who have had a different upbringing, and who have been taught to view the world from a different angle; and if they believe that they themselves have something to teach, they will not think to commend their message by showing dislike, anger, or contempt to those whom they wish to influence. They will soon find that much of controversy is a mere juggling with counters; that there is no vital difference between the ideas which the shibboleths of party attempt to express. Even if there are intellectual disagreements—and there can be no progress without a healthy competition of opinions—intellectual disagreements seldom generate heat unless there are very unintellectual prejudices behind them. Theologians and scholars, it is true, "see red" when they are confronted with a heresy, and quite forget the harmless individual, a man probably very like themselves, whom they identify with his outrageous opinions; but these are the foibles of the student, dehumanised for the time being by his abstract researches. No sensible man wishes to carry these rather absurd passions outside the library and lecture room. For all of us, whatever our calling, and whatever the nature of our interests, there is no wiser motto than this: Person-

alise your sympathies, and depersonalise your antipathies. This is the only way to christianise the spirit of partisanship, one of the most pestilent parts of our inheritance from a very remote past.

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[This article was written ten years ago, and bears a few traces of war-mentality. But as a whole I think it is not out of date.]

4. THE FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING

THE Archbishop of Canterbury has exhorted the clergy to take more pains with their sermons. The result, as might have been expected, has been that the chronic dissatisfaction of churchgoers and others with the spiritual and intellectual food provided for them on Sundays has become more vocal than usual, and that many clergymen have protested that their critics do not seem to realise the difficulties with which they have to contend.

The standard of preaching in the Church of England is certainly low. Not only is the average sermon uninspiring, but there is a dearth of outstanding preachers whose reputations can be compared with those of Liddon, Magee, Phillips Brooks, and Farrar. The few preachers who can still fill any church are men who for one reason or another are in the public eye; they are not great pulpit

orators, but they are known to have the courage of their opinions, and to say what they think. Most of the preaching in Anglican churches is unworkmanlike and even slovenly, if we judge it as we should judge other professional work. Our preachers do not study the art of hortatory eloquence as the Nonconformist ministers do, nor do they as a rule put so much thought into their discourses as the Scottish Presbyterians, from whom their people demand stronger meat than would be acceptable to most English congregations.

For this deficiency there are several causes. The Anglo-Catholic clergy, with some notable exceptions, disparage preaching. It is, in their opinion, a Protestant error to regard the sermon as the most important part of the service. Some of them seem hardly to prepare their sermons, relying perhaps on the promise given to the Apostles that "it shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak." This kind of inspiration, however, does not seem to follow necessarily from the possession of the Apostolic Succession. It is also a Catholic principle that the priest is to give the authorised teaching of the Church, not his own opinions. But in these days, if people listen to sermons at all, they want the first-hand convictions of the preacher.

A sentence beginning "The Church teaches," or "The Bible says," leaves them cold.

The tendency to neglect and disparage preaching is doubtless connected with the inferior intellectual quality and the absence of proper training among the younger clergy. It requires no brains to be a purveyor of sacerdotal magic, and this conception of the ministerial office is unfortunately growing. These young men adopt a very dictatorial tone in the pulpit, which repels their hearers, many of whom are far better educated than themselves.

Want of time is often pleaded as the excuse for poor sermons. It is a plea which cannot be accepted, for we can all make time to do our main work, whatever we think it to be. If a clergyman really has no time to prepare his sermons, the probable cause is the inordinate multiplication of church services, which cater only for the spiritual luxuries of a mere handful of people, while the mass of actual or potential churchgoers suffers. A real and deplorable obstacle is the extreme poverty of the clergy, which makes it impossible for them to collect a library, and the isolation from all stimulating and intellectual companionship in which many of them are forced to live. This last, however, is partially remedied by clerical discussion societies, which exist in all parts of the country, and to which

Nonconformist ministers are often invited. But the want of books is a grievous deprivation, which must have bad effects on preaching.

The crumbling of certain parts of the dogmatic structure has undoubtedly increased the difficulty of preaching. There is much uncertainty as to what may be, and should be, said from the pulpit. The people themselves are impatient with dogma. Accordingly, many preachers try to interest their congregation by topical discussions of newspaper controversies, new books, or, worst of all, burning economic problems, in which their ill-formed tirades generate much more heat than light. There seems to be a kind of fatality that the Church always begins to champion a political party at the moment when it is preparing to abuse its power. The Church never goes into politics without coming out badly smirched, and few sermons are more unprofitable than rambling comments or declamations on current controversies.

It may be asked whether the pulpit any longer exercises a useful function in modern life. Oral teaching is necessary for the illiterate ; but we are a reading people, and nothing can be more futile than to try to fill rows of narrow-necked vessels by throwing a bucketful of water over them. To which it may be answered that we are not really a reading

people, and that, especially in the country, the sermon might be made the one opportunity during the week of giving the parishioners something to think about outside the daily routine of their lives. There is still a very large number of people who can pick up readily what they hear, but who have never learned to concentrate their attention on a printed page.

One of the greatest difficulties which the preacher has to meet arises from the very different educational levels of his hearers. It is almost impossible to interest highly educated men and women without becoming unintelligible to many persons in the Church. And the problem becomes acute when we are asked to assist the young and thoughtful men and women in the congregation in their intellectual difficulties about the Christian faith. We cannot even come to grips with these difficulties without shocking and offending those of our hearers who are neither young nor thoughtful. There is no solution of this problem; when the laity complain of the disingenuousness of the clergy in shirking the questions which are exercising the minds of the younger generation, they seldom realise the shackles in which they are held, not by the bishops, but by another type of laymen.

The golden age of the pulpit is over; but it is

a great mistake to despise preaching, or to suppose that in this art, unlike all others, personal goodness will compensate for the want of careful training and diligent application.

5. THE PRAYER BOOK: THE FIRST REJECTION DECEMBER, 1927

IT is very natural that after a great and unexpected rebuff, Churchmen are simmering with indignation against the House of Commons. The freeborn Englishman hotly resents a Government veto upon his claim to manage his own affairs. I am sorry that the Deposited Book has been rejected. But when our hotheads are beginning to clamour for disestablishment, I think the time has come to state certain obvious facts which loyalty forbade us to utter while the fate of the Book was in the balance. They may serve to mitigate our indignation, and help us to view the situation more calmly.

(1) The large majority of churchgoers did not want a new Prayer Book, and will shed no tears at being deprived of it. The churchgoer is the most conservative of men.

(2) The majority of the clergy supported it

mainly out of loyalty to the Bishops, and without enthusiasm. It is also said that in some dioceses rather severe pressure was put upon them.

(3) When some supporters of the Deposited Book declared that the doctrinal balance of the Church of England was undisturbed by it, they said what was manifestly contrary to the fact.

(4) When the Bishops promised to enforce the law as amended, they gave the impression of contemplating more drastic measures than, apparently, they really meant to attempt. They did not intend to deprive any clergyman, even if he persisted in introducing the whole Roman ritual and teaching into his Church. But it is misleading to talk about enforcing a law, to the infringement of which no penalty is attached.

There has therefore been an element of unreality about the whole business, and this the House of Commons knew well. To say that the will of the entire Church has been contemptuously flouted by the elected Chamber, after a few hours' debate, is by no means an accurate statement of what has happened.

It was undoubtedly the question of Reservation which wrecked the Book. Those who voted against it saw clearly that if Reservation is admitted at all, it is almost impossible to restrict the use of it to

certain specified purposes. And, to speak frankly, they had no confidence that all the Bishops would even try to prevent the restrictions from being overstepped.

I have always thought, and now I feel sure, that two things have been mixed together, which ought to have been kept apart. These two are the non-controversial improvements in the Book of Common Prayer, and the question of ecclesiastical discipline. There was no reason why the former should not have been proceeded with and brought to a conclusion, without arousing a fierce struggle between the Catholic and the Protestant elements in the Church. A vast amount of solid and valuable work on non-controversial lines has for the moment been made unavailable because partisan ambitions and rivalries have invaded the field and have occupied nearly the whole of it. In just the same way, beneficent educational legislation was wrecked in the last generation by the rival fanaticisms of Church and Chapel.

Surely the Bishops ought to have seen that something of the kind was likely to happen, unless they excluded from debate the Holy Communion service after the Nicene Creed. They might well have said that they were pledged not to admit doctrinal changes, and that in consequence they had agreed

to veto any amendments in that part of the Book. The decision would have disappointed those who wished to use the Revision for purposes other than those for which it was intended. These might have succeeded in upsetting the scheme altogether, but only by avowing that their policy was to prevent all non-controversial improvements until their own controversial claims had been conceded. Even a defeat of the Book in the Assembly would have been better than what has occurred. But the Bishops greatly under-estimated the strength of Protestant conviction; one of them even indulged in gibes against the Evangelical party. They hoped to divide the Anglo-Catholic extremists by conceding half of what they asked for, and appealing to their own authority to forbid, but not to punish, further disobedience.

It had already been made plain, before the rejection of the Deposited Book, that this plan was doomed to failure. Between one and two thousand priests pledged themselves to defy the new regulations before they became law. The passing or rejection of the new Book makes very little difference to this section. Their sympathies and loyalties are Latin, not Anglican. They will obey "Catholic tradition," as interpreted by themselves; they will not obey their Bishops. The concessions made to

them in the Deposited Book they take without gratitude, as a sign of weakness; and can we say that they are wrong in so thinking? We were glad to hear that some moderate High Churchmen had promised to come into line with the bishops by discontinuing one or two illegal ceremonies; but this does not touch the case of the numerous rebels. What is to be done with those who will persist in reading Mass in Latin, in teaching transubstantiation and invocation of saints, and, in a word, in completely Romanising their Church services? Are they to be allowed to remain in the Church of England, or are they to be prosecuted and ejected?

It may be said, this has nothing to do with the new Prayer Book. It has not; but it has been mixed up with the new Prayer Book, and it was the Bishops who held out the prospects of better discipline in the Church as the chief reason for accepting the Book. The rejection of the Book has saved them from having to admit an almost total failure to redeem their promises.

It is easy to say: Satisfy the loyal High Churchmen, but turn the Latin Catholics out neck and crop. That is a tempting policy; and yet——! Mr. Birrell, a detached critic of Church matters, writing some thirty years ago, enumerates four "Purges" in our Church history, which expelled

in turn the Papists, the Laudians, the Nonconformists at the Restoration and the Non-jurors. What was the result? "How absurd to grumble at the Hoadlys and Watsons, the Hurds and the Warburtons! They were all that was left. Faith and fervour, primitive piety, Puritan zeal, Catholic devotion—each in turn had been cast out. . . . Since then, there has been a revival of faith and fervour in the Church of England, so much so, that Purge Number Five may shortly be expected." The limits of tolerance are indeed difficult to lay down. The Bishops have an appallingly difficult problem to solve, and few, I think, would covet a share in such a responsibility. But I repeat that a common-sense revision of the Prayer Book might have been carried if it had not been entangled with disciplinary questions which have nothing to do with it.

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I have now, while correcting the proof of the above article, seen the declaration of the two Archbishops (December 22nd). The Book is to be presented to Parliament again. In my opinion, the opposition is not likely to decrease unless the country is convinced that the Bishops have the will and

the power to stop flagrant illegalities in the Rome-ward direction. At present, this confidence does not exist. If the Bishops need more coercive powers than they possess, they ought to ask for them. But the public thinks that they are afraid.

6. THE PRAYER BOOK: THE SECOND REJECTION MAY, 1928

I HAVE added nothing to the torrent of controversial correspondence about the New Prayer Book. I have supported the Bishops by my vote in the Assembly, and I think the House of Commons made a mistake in rejecting the book a second time.

When Parliament passed the Enabling Act it was clearly intended to give a considerable measure of autonomy to the Church, and it would be difficult to argue that these limits were overstepped in drawing up a revised Book of Services. At the same time, Churchmen ought to be thankful that the legislature does not regard the conduct of Anglican public worship as a merely " domestic concern " of a single sect or denomination. Such debates as those of last December and last week would have been unthinkable in any foreign parliament; they at least prove that ours is still a Christian country,

and that the laity think that the National Church is a national concern. It is better that the House of Commons should make a mistake than that its members should shrug their shoulders and say: "These sectarian squabbles are no business of ours."

But though I supported the Book, I think the Bishops made its rejection inevitable by allowing controversial changes in the Communion office. They had more or less pledged themselves not to alter the doctrinal balance of the Church of England, and they ought to have seen that the only way to fulfil that pledge was to exclude the latter half of the Communion office from the scope of revision. They might, I suppose, have done this by announcing beforehand that they would veto any changes in this part of the Book. When I asked leading Churchmen why this had not been done, the answer was always that the Anglo-Catholics would in that case have prevented the Book from passing. In other words, this party was prepared to block uncontroversial changes except at the price of tilting the doctrinal balance in favour of their own faction.

If this is true, the Bishops ought to have realised that they were treading on dangerous ground. They allowed two separate objects to be mixed together—

the introduction of common-sense improvements in our services and the restoration of order and discipline. They have needlessly sacrificed the former in a very half-hearted attempt to secure the latter.

They did not dare to ask for fresh powers to deprive contumacious law-breakers, knowing that this policy would disrupt the Church. They flattered themselves that they could put down burglary by legalising petty larceny; and when asked what they meant to do to those who continued to burgle, they had no clear answer to give. In consequence, the uncontroversial improvements, which were numerous and valuable, were forgotten, and the public behaved as if the issue had been raised of Catholicism *versus* Protestantism. This was very unreasonable, but the Bishops ought to have foreseen that it would happen.

The effective opposition came from the ultra-Protestant side. The majority of the High Church party, and nearly all the Liberal Churchmen, were willing to accept the Book. The strength of the opposition lay not among the Liberal Evangelicals, most of whom supported the Bishops, but among those who in America are called Fundamentalists, the Diehards of a school which was powerful half a century ago, but which is now in an intellectual

backwater. My friend the Bishop of Durham gave vent to some impatient gibes at the want of intelligence shown by this faction, and in doing so he unintentionally gave offence to the Evangelical party as a whole, who cannot justly be accused of stupidity. But the necessity for distinguishing between the old and the new Protestantism throws light on one of the most important changes in the religion of the English people.

The real trend of religion among the younger generation is away from dogmatic and institutional Christianity, and towards an individual and personal faith resting not on authority but on experience. This movement has weakened all ecclesiastical bodies which are exposed to it. It is quite natural that this decline should be most apparent in those sections of believers who are most in touch with modern influences. Protestantism, with its reliance on private judgment, is institutionally weaker than Catholicism, which enforces personal submission and exercises an almost military discipline. Protestant dogmatism has crumbled, and its authority has almost disappeared. Catholicism can make a much better show in resisting the storm, though it remains rooted in mediaevalism, and is progressively more and more estranged from all that is most vital in modern ideas.

The choice before us is whether to revert to a religion of authority, which is certainly imposing in its effectiveness, but which, as we see on the Continent, stands over against the State as an *imperium in imperio*, and over against modern civilisation as a determined enemy; or to develop Protestantism into what it is potentially, but has never yet been actually, the expression of a Christian civilisation on its spiritual side.

The new Protestantism is not relativist in the objects of its faith; it believes that truth is absolute, and that God is unchanging. But it accepts the necessity of growth and change in our beliefs. It holds that revelation is constant and progressive, and that all new knowledge has a bearing upon religion and morality. We are not bound to accept the latest scientific theories as necessarily true; if we did, we should soon be in difficulties; for science itself is in the melting-pot:

> "We thought that lines were straight and Euclid true.
> God said, 'Let Einstein be'—and all's askew!"

But we must sit very loose to tradition, and keep our minds open. Our anchor is what used to be called the testimony of the Holy Spirit, which assures us of the reality and primacy of those eternal values which Christ came to reveal. This is

the true Christianity, and we need not be discouraged about its prospects of victory if we look for them in the fruits of the Spirit, and not in institutional statistics or successes of organisation.

In fact, I think that our ultra-Protestant friends, who wrecked the new Prayer Book, are apt to exaggerate the danger from Catholicism, whether of the Roman or Anglican type. This kind of religion is strong in team-work and party management. It always looks more formidable than it is. Again and again it seems to have victory within its grasp, and then the people wake up and declare with the utmost emphasis that they will have none of it. Hardly anything is more unlikely than that the British nation will go back to the superstitions and the servitude from which they emancipated themselves four hundred years ago. The clock cannot be put back in this fashion.

Meanwhile, we shall combat the tendencies which we deplore most effectively, not by trying to expel from the Church what might prove to be a large body of men and women, but by offering something better in place of the Latin Church of the Middle Ages. The recrudescence of mediaevalism is a sign not so much of its own strength as of our temporary weakness.

The Church of England is called by Providence to

a much nobler task than to undo the work of the Reformation. The work of the Reformation still awaits completion, and I believe that our Church and Nation may complete it.

7. FAITH

THE word Adventure is in the air just now, especially in relation to religion. It gives a title to the last book of Essays edited by Canon Streeter. We are exhorted to "live dangerously," as Nietzsche bade us. "Safety first" is all very well when we are preparing to cross a street or board an omnibus; but in the great quest we must be prepared to run risks. I wish to consider in what sense this is true.

What is faith? A schoolboy defined it as "Believing what you know to be untrue," which sounds like a caricature of a too well-known sentence—seldom correctly quoted—from Tertullian. Frederick Myers distinguishes between the bastard faith of theologians, which consists in believing something on insufficient evidence, and the right idea of faith, as the resolution to stand or fall by the noblest hypothesis. This definition is not very different from the familiar words of the Epistle to the Hebrews, that faith is confidence in the truth of

what we hope for, conviction of the reality of the unseen. (That is probably near the meaning of a difficult passage.)

Protestant theology has restricted the meaning of Faith too much—explaining it as subjective assurance or trust. It has sometimes been assumed that this attitude of throwing oneself into the arms of Divine grace may dispense us from the duty of forming rational convictions, and of directing our lives in accordance with them. Faith and fact come to be divorced. Either they are supposed to be directed to different objects, or we are told that the same proposition may be true for faith and false for science—in which case we are on a quicksand, and are driven to play fast and loose with veracity.

The soundest teaching about Faith is to be found in a quite early Christian writer—Clement of Alexandria, about 200 A.D. He divides the Christian pilgrim's progress into three stages, of which the first and last are simple, the second complex. The first stage is faith, the second knowledge, and the third love. Faith is an act of rational choice which determines to act as if certain things were true, in the confident expectation that they will prove to be true. The upward path begins as an experiment, and ends as an experience. The venture of faith is

progressively justified as we understand life better, till at last knowledge passes into love, " which unites the knower with the known." Thus faith is the first step, knowledge the second, and love the third.

Let us consider the problem from a more modern point of view, with some help from Mr. Macmurray in Canon Streeter's book.

Faith, in the Gospels, does not mean believing something: it is an inherent quality in the mind. It is a kind of courage; an attitude which favours adventure and is not afraid to run risks. Its opposite is not intellectual scepticism, but worry, cowardice, or despair. It can remove mountains—not literal mountains, but the obstacles which sloth and cowardice have put in our path. " Who does the utmost that he can will whiles do mair."

Now I think it may be said that the modern world is in a better position to understand what Christ meant by faith than the ages that went before us. Faith is a decision of the will, a sort of a wager in which we decide to trust life to justify our best hopes. It is not the attitude of a mere onlooker. " In this world," said Francis Bacon, " God only and the angels may be spectators." Faith implies something to be done as well as something to be believed. It brings imagination into play—imagin-

ation, which for the ancients was an idle play of fancy, but which for Wordsworth "is reason in her most exalted mood." Like Coleridge, Wordsworth distinguishes between imagination and fancy. Fancy is an idle thing; imagination is closely allied to reason and practice. So allied, it becomes creative; when it ceases to be creative it turns inwards, and becomes neurotic and unwholesome. Faith is a vision which always prompts to appropriate action; if it fails to do this it soon retreats into dreamland, and vanishes away.

We shall make a great mistake if we overlook the part which the creative imagination, which is faith, plays in all noble endeavour, such, for example, as scientific discovery. Men like Darwin are possessed with the idea of a great principle which will explain the way in which nature behaves. They work as if it were true and they find that nature also behaves as if it were true.

This is exactly the way in which religious faith proceeds, and in both cases it is the method of adventure. Some religious people, no doubt, run away from life, in order to escape danger. They fly to the most dogmatic and positive religion, as a timid mariner will seek any port during a storm. Their motto is "Safety first," and in consequence they learn nothing. He who experiences nothing

is made no wiser by solitude; he who shuns temptation is made no stronger to resist it.

Until quite modern times, there was little or no faith in human history as having any meaning. We were sent into the world to save our own souls and to help other people to save theirs. But there was so little belief in the life of the race as having any meaning or value, that if God chose to "shatter to bits the whole sorry scheme of things entire" the day after to-morrow, that would be a quite satisfactory end to the whole business.

This way of thinking about the world has vanished entirely from the minds of educated people. We are now taught that the earth is something like two thousand million years old; that human beings, recognisable as such, have probably been in existence a million years at least, and that there is no known reason why our tenancy of the planet should not be prolonged for a million years more, which will give our social reformers plenty of time to try every conceivable experiment.

Besides this, we believe that all movements are gradual. They are not necessarily upward movements, nor does it follow that greater complexity implies greater value or greater happiness. But it seems quite clear that whether we call the world good or evil, it is in our power to make it better.

Time, for us, instead of having no value or meaning at all, is charged with tremendous possibilities for good and for evil.

Here we have a new task for faith, a task without which faith was necessarily half crippled. "See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed thee in the mount." These are our marching orders, which before the age of science were very little attended to.

We are not to suppose that life in this world will go on for ever. All the tools and instruments, the stage and scenery, which the Creator has provided for the performance of His great drama will be scrapped when the play is done. That will not matter. "Though the earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." But these transcendent hopes will hardly remain ours unless they act as creative forces in the world in which we live—that world which has been well called "the vale of soul-making."

Now all these "acts of faith" in the eternal world require courage and the willingness to take risks. I am no radical; but the kind of conservatism which proceeds from mere timidity is not to be commended. It is a curious reflection that as the average age of the population increases year by

year, the influence of cautious grey-beards may possibly become too strong. However, the flapper vote will not tend in this direction; and possibly the younger generation, who have left school since the War, are less inclined to play for safety than their parents were.

Faith is a spiritual venture, and does not imply an optimistic view of present tendencies. But those writers who have emphasised the buoyancy and courage of the genuinely Christian character have done good service.

8. HOPE

IF we want to understand what new ideas and convictions Christianity introduced into the world when it was fresh from the mint, we cannot do better than to study carefully the new words which the first Christians were obliged to use.

People do not coin new words to express old ideas. We find in the New Testament a whole list of moral virtues which had no place, or a different place, in non-Christian literature. Such words are love, joy, peace, faith, hope and humility. These words belong to Christianity, and are characteristic of it, as liberty, equality and fraternity belonged to the French Revolution, or as justice, temperance, prudence, and fortitude were the cardinal virtues of paganism.

It would be worth while to collect all that the New Testament says about these new virtues, and to think out for ourselves what they mean and how they are related to each other. When we know what these words meant to the early Christians we

shall know what Christianity stood for when it first confronted the world.

It never entered the minds of the Greeks and Romans to make Hope a moral virtue. They regarded it as a gift of doubtful value, an illusion which helps us to endure life and a spur to action, but on the whole a will-of-the-wisp. So in the last century Schopenhauer taught that it is the bait by which Nature gets her hook in our nose, and makes us serve her interests, which are not our own.

St. Paul, as we all know, makes Faith, Hope, and Love the cardinal virtues of Christianity. This was an entirely original triad, though the later pagan Neoplatonists afterwards adopted it, only adding Truth as a fourth. St. Paul, as a Jew, judges pagan society rather harshly ; but it is significant that he finds the pagans not only without faith and without Love—" hateful and hating one another," but " without Hope." This seems to have been broadly true at the time when he wrote.

Judaism was always a religion of Hope. This is why, for the Jews, insight always takes the form of foresight ; this is why their preachers of righteousness were always prophets. No nation ever suffered such cruel disappointments ; but as St. Paul most truly says, they " against Hope believed in Hope."

They could not believe in a God who allowed the world to be misgoverned, and they clung obstinately to the belief that somehow or other justice is done in this life.

One of the main subjects of the Old Testament is the conflict of this faith with the hard facts of life. At last, and very reluctantly, the Jews gave up the notion that earthly prosperity is always a reward, and adversity a punishment. They learned that vicarious suffering is the law of redemption, and began to believe, not very confidently, in a future life. But hopefulness was one of the chief contributions which they made to Christianity.

Two years ago Mr. Macmurray, of Oxford, wrote an interesting paper on the startling thesis that "Science is the most Christian thing in the world of our experience," much more Christian than the Churches. He thinks that the ideal which the Greeks and Romans aimed at was security and stability. Plato's system of training in his ideal commonwealth aimed not at encouraging originality of thought, but at producing stability of belief. All were to think alike, and to go on thinking alike; change was the enemy. The Romans in the same way secured unity through outward conformity. This has also been the policy of the Roman Catholic Church, which inherited both the pagan traditions.

Christ, on the other hand, was all for freedom and adventure. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Faith, Hope and Love look forwards. Faith is defined as confidence in what we hope for, and conviction of what we do not see.

The pagan ideal of security and stability prevailed over the Christian, till the Renaissance and Reformation, when Christianity entered into the conscious life of Europe and became, as it ought always to have been, a religion of hope and progress. But even now the Churches hark back to the pagan ideal of stereotyped perfection. Only experimental science, says Mr. Macmurray, has abandoned security in favour of progress, and therefore "experimental science is the most Christian thing in the modern world."

The writer is not quite fair to the Greeks, to whom we owe the origin of almost everything that is alive and active in the intellectual world. And I think that Nature tends towards stability—this is the real meaning of evolution. But his thought is highly interesting, and contains much truth. The Church was certainly paganised, and it lost in the process just that temper of hopefulness and trust in the future which belonged to the Jewish character. This temper, on the other hand, is buoyant in

natural science. Consider, for example, how hundreds of men are giving their lives to discovering a cure for cancer. How do they know that there is any cure for cancer? Very likely there is none. But they won't admit it; and if there is a cure, they mean to find it.

I am not writing this to encourage the irritating person who goes about saying, "I am always an optimist"—as if a barometer firmly stuck at "set fair" could be of the slightest use to anybody. No doubt hopefulness, well or ill founded, means happiness, and happiness means efficiency. This is the Gospel according to Uncle Sam. The Americans make so much money by bluffing each other that they think they can bluff Nature and the Author of Nature. Christian Science, which has nothing to do with either science or Christianity, is the religion based on belief in the sovereign efficacy of make-believe.

This, however, is not what Christianity means by Hope. The Gospel does not bid us play tricks with our souls in order to produce any results, external or internal. It does not wish us to believe anything except because it is true. And when Christianity says that a thing is true, it does not mean merely that it works, or that we should be happier for believing it. It means that it is objectively true,

part of the laws of God's creation. Hope is "an anchor of the soul," fixed not on any earthly goods, but on the eternal verities, "within the veil," behind the embroidered curtain which is spread between us and reality. It is, in brief, the temper natural to immortal spirits under temporal probation, who know that their Heavenly Father loves them, that their Lord has redeemed them, and that the Holy Spirit is always with them.

Christianity is a religion, not of social reform, but of spiritual regeneration. But though it does not aim primarily at material and social progress, it promotes progress very potently by indirect means. What it calls the Kingdom of God, which, as St. Paul says, is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy, is a goal both more attainable and better worth having than what the nineteenth century usually meant by progress. "The European talks of progress," said Disraeli, "because by the aid of a few scientific discoveries he has established a society which has mistaken comfort for civilisation."

Lastly, the great message of the Epistle to the Hebrews is that Hope must often die to live. We shall probably get not what we hoped for but what, if our eyes were enlightened, we should recognise as "some better thing." No pure Hope shall wither,

except that a purer may grow out of its roots. But we must always be prepared for great disappointments, and this is why St. Paul says that if in this life only we have hope in Christ we are of all men most miserable. Vulgar optimism, no less than pessimism, is a treason against Hope.

9. IS THERE A COMMON CHRISTIANITY?

RELIGIOUS quarrels always seem ridiculous to the bystander. Why should good people get so excited about trifling differences, when "we are all going the same way"? How often have we heard that the Catholics and the Arians in the fourth century were squabbling about "one iota" in the creed! This may claim to be the silliest remark ever made; for there is no reason why words which are spelled almost alike should closely resemble each other in meaning. But sometimes it is really difficult to understand what the quarrel is about. An Englishman incautiously remarked to a Free Kirk Moderator that he could not see any difference between the Free and the Established Kirks. The answer was: "The difference between us is just this—that we will be saved and they will be damned." Our Scotch friends are now willing to admit that this judgment was too sweeping.

The dominant party in the Church of England has written its own histories, in which the Reformation is represented as an unimportant and regrettable episode in the annals of the Catholic Church. This travesty of history has had a success which is hardly credible until one has talked with the average Anglo-Catholic, whose whole view of the situation is grotesquely distorted. The Protestant, on his side, is quite determined to stand fast in the liberty which he gained four hundred years ago, and cares less than nothing for the "Catholic Tradition" which forbids him, for example, to break his fast before communicating. This may seem a small matter, but it is not; it is the difference between one religion and another religion.

This does not mean that the situation has not changed in four hundred years. Most Churchmen are practising pragmatists; they take what suits them, and do not trouble about first principles. Some old controversies are really dead; the world has moved away from them. In every large Church there are representatives of every type of religion; they are Catholics or Protestants by patrimony, and if they wax fierce in controversy, as they often do, they are actuated by native pugnacity rather than by reasoned conviction. As long as sleeping dogmas are allowed to lie, things may go on quietly.

All colours look much the same in the dark. But when the issues are fairly raised, the leopard refuses to lie down with the kid. The ardent Catholic and the ardent Protestant discover that they worship different gods.

Is Christianity anything more than the generic name of the various religions professed by people with white skins? It is true that the morality indicated by the different Churches is much the same. But is this much more than the type of character admired by all nations which have reached the same stage of civilisation? I have amused myself with the propagandist magazine of the Mohammedan Mission in England. I gather from this publication that Islam is conspicuous for religious tolerance, gentleness, and respect for women. Modern morality is very different from the morality of the Middle Ages, which also passed for Christian, and from the ascetic ideals of the age of the hermits. No religion, as practised, can be far ahead of the current ideas and habits of the time. It may represent what is best in the national character, but would it be going too far to say that in every generation Christian teachers use the figure of the Founder as a peg on which to hang their own best thoughts?

What common measure can be found for those

who in different ages and countries have been accounted the most complete Christians? Simeon Stylites on his pillar, Origen in his study, St. Francis of Assisi with his unwashed cassock and his genial piety, the grim Ignatius of Loyola, as merciless to himself as to others, Oliver Cromwell at the head of his dragoons, the Quakers with their gospel of non-resistance; George Fox, John Wesley, Cardinal Newman, Lord Shaftesbury—what is the link between them? What makes a Christian? Orthodox beliefs, devotionality, or a good life? When Christians anathematise and burn each other, or sack each other's towns as they did in the wars of religion, what is it that they really wish to establish and what is it that they wish to destroy?

If Jesus Christ had never existed, it is practically certain that the mantle of the Roman Caesars would have descended upon some great ecclesiastical corporation, very like the Catholic Church. Plato, with wonderful foresight, laid down the conditions for such a form of Government; he did not even forget the Inquisition. Plato also, in another part of his works, drew a picture of the perfectly just man, who would end by being crucified; but he never thought of bringing the two pictures together. Some kind of theocratic political corporation, deriving its religious ideas from the east,

where religions grow wild, its theology from Greece, and its organisation from Rome, would have appeared anyhow, quite independently of what happened in Galilee and Judæa. The Olympian gods would not have stood in the way; they died a natural death when their worshippers became extinct. The history of the Catholic Church, as a political institution, has not much more than an accidental connexion with the life of the Founder.

But this only means that we must separate two different things—the revelation of the historical Christ and the institutions which grew up under His name. Nietzsche said: "There has been only one Christian, and He died upon the Cross." But this is not true. The revelation did not expire with its Founder. All through the history of the last nineteen hundred years it has acted as a leaven—the simile comes from Christ Himself.

The original Gospel has been one among many formative elements in European civilisation. It has been one element in the conflation which we call Christianity, partly overlaid by other factors which belong to local and temporary influences. The wave of asceticism in the early centuries is, I suppose, to be accounted for by the desperate condition into which Græco-Roman civilisation fell when the barbarians were bursting the dykes and over-

whelming the home of ancient culture. Men and women ran away from a world which was hardly worth living in. The dark ages which followed were the period of the monk and the knight, of cloistered mysticism and chivalry. Then civilisation awoke out of sleep, and we find the Church encouraging art and patronising the scholars of the Renaissance.

The Reformation was a struggle for independence against Latin domination. It was in part a return to the original Gospel, but this was a less central feature of the movement than the Reformers supposed. The leaven went on working in both parts of divided Christendom, though both sides were brutalised and coarsened by the exigencies of a long and fierce struggle.

At the present time some of the principles of the Christian religion have so far permeated the structure of civilisation that the Churches seem no longer to have so much reason for their existence as they had formerly. Social equality, which is a Christian ideal, has come much nearer. Except in war-time, society is much gentler and more considerate than in earlier ages. The humanitarian movement is one of the chief features of the modern period. Education has been so widely diffused that this side of the Church's activities has been almost superseded. These are the chief reasons why the Churches now

appear so weak. The maintenance of the accepted standard of morality has largely passed out of their keeping. But I see no reason for thinking that the "leaven" is any less potent than it used to be, though it is still very far from "leavening the whole lump."

The struggle between Catholicism and Protestantism is part of the eternal conflict between order and liberty, between tradition and progress, between the past and the future. But in the concrete the classification is by no means so simple as this. Protestantism, in particular, has never quite found itself, and is hampered by the dead hand almost as much as the rival system. Nevertheless, it does not commit the unpardonable sin of claiming a monopoly of divine grace and favour for the members of a single political institution. This is, perhaps, the greatest crime that a Church can commit; so far as it goes, it indicates a complete apostasy from the mind of Christ, the greatest leveller of barriers that ever lived. For us there is a common Christianity, and we shall be constantly coming upon it, if we look without prejudice, in the most unexpected places.

10. CHANGING RELIGION

WHILE Churchmen are wrangling about words and phrases and details of ritual, some of which no doubt involve important questions of principle, few have realised that a more momentous change is in progress—a Modernist victory at the expense of both the old parties in the Church.

It is tacitly admitted that the old "argument from miracle and prophecy" can no longer be used. I do not mean that a clergyman may stand in the pulpit and proclaim that he does not accept the miracles in the Creeds; but when a young man tells a Bishop that though he believes *ex animo* in the divinity of Christ, his belief is independent of the traditional teaching about the Virgin Birth and the bodily Resurrection, very few Bishops hesitate to ordain him. This is one of the changes which have come about silently and gradually. The centre of gravity in religious belief has shifted very considerably, and the Church is accepting the change.

The word "supernatural" does not occur in the Bible. Nature is contrasted not with supernature but with spirit. The spiritual world differs from the natural in that it is invisible, eternal, above the forms of time and space. We could not speak of the spiritual suspending the laws of the natural, for in one sense the two are too closely associated, and in another sense too far apart.

When Whichcote, the Cambridge Platonist of the seventeenth century, said to his opponent, "Sir, I oppose not rational to spiritual, for spiritual is most rational," he is claiming the supremacy of the reign of law alike in the visible and in the invisible world; when St. Paul says that that which is spiritual comes after that which is natural, he means that there is an order of development which brings us through nature to spirit, through the world to God. This is quite different from the craving for signs and wonders which Christ rebuked. "A faithless and stubborn generation seeketh after a sign; there shall be no sign given to this generation."

The idea of miracle as evidence for religious truth, and the desire for such evidence, are characteristic of minds at a certain stage of education. In primitive societies such evidence, though it is readily received, makes but a small impression, for the laws

of nature are not then understood. Where there is no law, there can be no miracle. When science begins to establish the uniformity of nature, miracles become more startling, but much harder to believe. The golden age of supernaturalism is at a stage intermediate between these two states of culture. When God is banished from nature, and men's hopes and aspirations are fixed on another world imagined as far away, then is the time for stories of occasional intervention by God in the natural order to be welcomed.

The period when Christian dogma crystallised was one of these transitional stages. The two worlds were kept too far apart, and were then violently brought together by intercalating "supernatural" phenomena in the natural order—an expedient which neither spiritualises nature nor naturalises spirit. These interventions are often regarded as standing in no relation to the moral character of those who benefit by them. God, we are told in a modern Roman Catholic treatise, sometimes asserts His liberty by suddenly elevating souls from the abyss of sin to the highest summits of perfection, "just as in nature He asserts it by miracles." So the theory of arbitrary interventions tends to weaken the moral sense, besides leaving us helpless in face of absurd superstitions.

If omnipotence occasionally suspends the laws of nature, such as gravitation, why should not *Christina mirabilis* have flown, without an aeroplane, over the tops of the trees? (On one occasion this saint was unchivalrously brought down by a monk with a stone, and broke her leg.) There is this further danger, that the power of working miracles is not confined to the Deity. The belief in Divine interpositions has its dark counterpart in the obscene supernatural, which turned life in the dark ages into a long nightmare.

It is like coming out of a charnel-house into the sunlight to pass from the world of witches and devils, *incubi* and *succubae*, to manly utterances like the following from William Law, the author of the "Serious Call": "There is nothing that is supernatural in the whole scheme of our redemption. Every part of it has its ground in the workings and powers of nature, and all our redemption is only nature set right, or made that which it ought to be. There is nothing that is supernatural, but God alone."

Supernaturalism is no doubt a pardonable protest against naturalism. When men feel themselves threatened in their souls by a mechanical theory which seems not only to deny human liberty but to make the order of the world blind and irrational,

they find a satisfaction in believing that the maker of the clock sometimes jogs it or moves the hands. To be sure, this does not restore human liberty, but it asserts the unpredictable, which many people like better than dull uniformity.

There is a curious reluctance to believe that we live under regular laws, although it might be supposed that a machine made by an all-wise designer would run regularly, without the need of tinkering. The orthodox apologist, driven from pillar to post by the advance of knowledge, flatters himself that there are still a few gaps in which he may take refuge. It is an unwise notion. Those who take refuge in gaps find themselves in a tight place when the gaps begin to close.

No one says dogmatically that miracles are impossible; that is more than anyone can know. But whereas in the dark ages it was considered the most natural explanation of a strange occurrence to assume that it was a miracle, we now expect to find either that it was not a miracle or that it did not happen. We do not call telegraphs, telephones, and broadcasting miraculous, though they would have seemed so two hundred years ago; they are not miraculous, because their mechanism is understood. If something apparently inexplicable happens, we assume that there is a natural explanation,

and sooner or later we find it. If we could be assured that there is no natural explanation, we should conclude that since the strange phenomenon cannot be fitted into the course of events, it differs from all other events in being entirely unimportant. We should not trouble ourselves much about a meteor which crossed the earth's orbit and vanished for ever into space.

This shows how completely our way of looking at the world has changed. It is the change from a catastrophic to an evolutionary world. Traditional theology believed in a world in which the ordinary course of history had no significance. The natural tendency of mankind was, perhaps, they thought, to get worse. But the history of the universe was for them a cramped drama extending over only a few thousand years, marked by four sudden catastrophes. These were the creation of the universe less than 6,000 years ago, the fall of man, the redemption of mankind through the Incarnation, and the final end of the world, which might be expected in the near future.

The conception of miracle belongs to a catastrophic, not to an evolutionary, scheme of the world's history, and many of our difficulties with traditional theology arise from the fact that our theology was constructed to agree with a catas-

trophic philosophy of history, whereas we all believe in evolution.

It is quite possible to bring the Christian revelation under an evolutionary scheme; the Fourth Gospel gives us more than a hint how this may be done. But our religion is passing through a critical transition, so that we cannot be surprised if it shows signs of temporary weakness. This weakness is most apparent in those bodies which are trying to face the situation and adjust themselves to it. The Diehards, for the time being, are in an easier position, rejecting the new knowledge and the new way of looking at the world altogether. But faith and courage point to a more worthy attitude, which will justify itself in time.

Only, if we are ready to accept the scientific view of the universe, as in process of evolution by regular laws, we must not give way to fatalism. If, as Bacon said, nature is conquered only by obeying her, it is equally true that she is obeyed only by conquering her. Nature is a friendly opponent, with whom we have to wrestle, like Jacob, till the dawn of day, and who will yield her secret and her blessing only to him who has struggled manfully with her. This is a good world, because it needs us to make it better.

"Work out your own salvation, for it is God that

worketh in you." We cannot get beyond this paradox. Faith and grace are the obverse and reverse of the same coin. Never and nowhere can we say where nature leaves off and supernature begins.

II. THE MID-DAY DEMON

"LE DÉMON DE MIDI" is the name of one of Paul Bourget's finest novels. The fanciful title is taken from the Latin translation of the Ninety-first Psalm, in which "the destruction that wasteth at noon-day" (Revised Version) is rendered *daemonium meridianum*, "the mid-day demon."

The Psalmist may have been thinking of sunstroke, but Bourget interprets the words as the temptations which assail a man, not in the middle of the day (though the theologians of the cloister tried to make out that the assaults of *acedia*, that characteristic sin of the monastery—a sort of compound of gloom, sloth and irritation—were most acute at that time), but in middle life, *nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita*. A man may have surmounted the dangers of youth, only to fall a prey to spiritual and intellectual arrogance bred of self-confidence. It was the mid-day demon, he suggests, who wrecked the career of the great

Napoleon. These reflections were started, for Bourget, by reading the works of Chateaubriand, the Catholic apologist, whose private life, he says, did not harmonise with his literary pose. There are, in fact, two men in many celebrated writers, and it is difficult to decide which is the real man. For example, there was a cynic and a sentimentalist in Thackeray. Which was the real Thackeray? The critics are not agreed. Did the creator of Colonel Newcome sympathise with or despise him? Probably both parts of the novelist's nature were genuine, but it is true that he once confessed that he would have liked to write very differently, if his public and his publishers had allowed him to do so. The conventions of the Victorian age imposed much restraint and a little hypocrisy on its literature, as modern critics are eager to point out. This, however, is not closely connected with Bourget's main contention, which is that "unbroken success is one of the severest tests of character."

We need not follow the plot of the novel, which depicts the moral downfall of a middle-aged priest. Let us take instead a quotation from a thought-provoking essay, called "Who laughs last?" by Mr. F. A. Atkins. "It is the middle-aged who need to be awakened to a courageous facing of the facts of life. . . . The sins of middle-age are the

sins of the mind, the passion for power and possession. . . . That is one reason why middle-age is a much more dangerous period than youth.

"The other reason is that middle-age will not realise its peril. Few things are more tragic than the deterioration of character which often sets in about the age of fifty. The flame flickers, the divine fire burns low. Middle-aged men think they have survived the gusty, riotous part of life, and can therefore slack down a little. . . . They are less inclined to fight about anything, least of all against their own weaknesses."

This observation is not commonplace, and it set me thinking whether it is true.

The young, in my experience, are not so happy as they are usually supposed to be. They do not yet know what they are good for and what they are bad for. They have to discover themselves and their world, and to adjust the relations between them. They do not know, though they may guess, whether Providence has endowed them with five talents, or two, or only one. The man with two talents is sometimes the greatest anxiety to his elders. The college tutor is often grieved to see a boy who has very fair abilities apparently preparing to hide them in a napkin.

Sometimes, of course, but less frequently, a

young fellow over-estimates himself, and flies at higher game than he will ever bring down. Most young men are rather secretive about their ambitions, perplexities, and temptations, not wishing to appear ridiculous; but they suffer a good deal in private.

They have to choose a career, and the choice seems to them narrow and difficult. They tend to follow the crowd; in other words, to choose just those professions which at the moment are overcrowded. At one time the fashion at our Universities sets towards school-mastering, at another to the home civil service or India, at another to engineering, at another to what is vaguely called business, which they think means a large fortune, and which really means, for most of them, a stool in an office for life. They are troubled about religion, and no wonder, in the modern Babel of rival prophets. In politics they are apt to join any party which is the attacking side.

Many older men think they would be glad to go back to the age of possibilities, when nothing has been irrevocably settled; but I do not think it is the happiest period of life.

We turn to the same man, "thirty years on"—the middle-aged citizen of fifty. If he is lucky, he has found his work, or his work has found him.

"Blessed is he who has found his work," says Carlyle; "let him seek no other blessedness." All the better for him if he has found the other main source of happiness. "A man who has work that suits him and a wife whom he loves," says Hegel, "has squared his accounts with life."

He has formed habits—habits of industry, we may hope; and he prides himself upon his steady attention to business, especially when he is reproving a son who has formed no habits and kicks against monotony of any kind. He seldom reflects whether in "revolving the circle of his own perfections" he is not rather like a squirrel in a cage. Browning's grammarian spent his life in "settling the business" of Greek particles, not because he had resolved to win heaven's success and earth's failure, but because he would feel lost and miserable if he were parted for a day from his study chair and library.

He has formed habits. Life has no more adventures for him; he can see the remainder of the dusty road lying straight and even before him. He has also ceased to worry about himself. "Happy is the man," says Ovid, "who has broken the chains which hurt the mind, and has given up worrying once and for all" (*dedoluitque semel*). Happy in a sense he probably is; but what has become of his ideals, wise and unwise? Too often he has come

to a working understanding with the world, the flesh and the devil. They are not to interfere with his "regular habits," and he on his side will serve them reasonably and in moderation. His whole character is suffering from fatty degeneration. He may be a highly-respected citizen, but he is not in the least interesting.

As time goes on, he is more and more inclined to save himself trouble. His work deteriorates and he becomes obstructive. If enthusiasm is wanted in the cause with which he is connected, it is not from him that we shall get it. People begin to say that he is tired of his job. The habits of an elderly cat grow upon him insidiously, and the mice are no longer caught.

Is he morally more conscientious than he was thirty years ago? Robert Louis Stevenson once wrote an essay on "Crabbed Age and Youth," in which he champions the young. Supposing, he says, that the old head could actually be put on young shoulders, would the grave and reverend signor put his money in the savings bank?—Would he always be discreet in his dealings with the other sex? Stevenson thinks that he would out-Herod Herod and be perfectly scandalous. He agrees with the witty Frenchman that "the old like to give good advice, because it consoles them for being no longer

able to give a bad example." If science really discovers how to rejuvenate old men by grafting into them certain glands of monkeys, outraged society may have to take very drastic steps to reduce them to their former condition. Sometimes a temptation to break through the life of decorous routine actually comes, with tragic results. " The grey-haired saint may fall at last "—though hardly if he has been really a saint. The unscrupulousness of the old is sometimes deplorable.

There are many who altogether escape the snares of the " mid-day demon." They are preparing for a beautiful old age, like the good man of whom Sir Thomas Overbury writes, that " he feels old age rather by the strength of his soul than by the weakness of his body." Such men will generally be found to have had troubles and disappointments, which have broken the solid cake of habit and checked the growth of self-satisfaction. Unbroken success, as Bourget says, is almost too severe a trial for anybody. It produces that type of " self-made " man of whom an American said: " Well, that relieves the Almighty of a very heavy responsibility."

Those of us who have reached this dangerous age, as Mr. Atkins calls it, will be wise to be on our guard against the "mid-day demon," whose attacks are

multifarious and cunning. We must not allow ourselves to be too comfortable for our soul's health. In the warfare of the spirit there is no exemption for persons over fifty. They must stand on guard till the end.

12. LIBERALISM

WE are all glad that the Liberals should have a little much-needed encouragement. We should be sorry to see the House of Commons divided between the Die-hards (or the Live-easys) and the Socialists. Besides, the Liberals are such good people, so thoroughly convinced that Life is Real, Life is Earnest, so conscious of the highest possible principles, so deeply attached to their little repertory of catchwords, which will fit any situation, that everybody must wish them well.

Nevertheless, we want to know what Liberalism now stands for. It was a great ideal in the nineteenth century, and we knew fairly well what it meant. It meant chiefly Mr. Gladstone; and though it was said that Mr. Gladstone could persuade most people of most things, and himself of anything, we knew that there were some things of which he would not try to persuade himself or anyone else. For instance, he would never tell us that public extravagance was a good thing, that

the majority had a right to divide among themselves the worldly goods of the minority, or that Christian principles do not apply to foreign politics. We might differ from him on many points, but our purses and our consciences were safe in his keeping.

There is a very large class who would still rally to Gladstonian Liberalism. The hard-working, harassed, over-taxed population of the suburbs, and many of Gladstone's old supporters in Nonconformist chapels would give much to have the old man back, and even the Tories would draw a long breath of relief. But somehow or other, Liberalism in the true sense of the word seems to be politically dead. It died when it made its wonderful volte-face from liberty to State control, from individualism to Socialism. No ingenuity can disprove the obvious fact that it has deserted its old creed and almost all that it formerly stood for.

Instead of frankly coming forward as the party of the great middle class, the backbone of the nation, the modern Liberal hobbles lamely after the Socialists, crying out that he also knows how to rob hen-roosts and back the enemies of the country. But since this is the programme of another party, it is not easy to see why any clear-headed man should at present vote Liberal.

One political philosopher has found a fundamental contradiction in what he considers to be the two dogmas of Liberalism—the value of free competition, and the principle that every individual must be treated as an end, not as a means. Both, he says, are anarchical; but whereas the first logically issues in individualistic anarchism, the last ends in Communist anarchism. To which it might be answered that both are good principles, if they are allowed to check each other.

Liberalism arose in the struggle against a social order based on authority and unequal privilege. "Freedom of men under government," says Locke, "is to have a standing rule to live by, common to every one of that society, and made by the legislative power erected in it." But this demand for equality before the law was only a preliminary to a general revolt against all coercion imposed from above. "No taxation without representation," was a favourite cry. All the old authorities were curbed and deprived of power—the King, the Church, the landed aristocracy, even Parliament itself in its relations to the constituencies. On the whole there was a real increase of freedom. The poor man may not always be much better off than he was before the Reform Bills, but at least he stands upright, and does not have to cringe to his so-called betters.

Liberalism had one favourite shibboleth—"Away with all restraints." Freedom of trade and freedom of contract; freedom of thought and speech and freedom of association were all included. The wife, too, was to be made a fully responsible person, capable of holding her own property and personally protected against her husband, who was formerly licensed to beat her in moderation. Every disaffected province of an Empire, if it called itself a nation rightly struggling to be free, could count on the sympathy of the Liberals. Large armies and navies are wrong, because in the first place they cost a great deal of money, and, in the second, "force is no remedy." This maxim, one of the silliest ever coined by misdirected ingenuity, has always been very dear to Liberals. If gangs of ruffians murder loyalists and burn their houses in Ireland, we must try "conciliation, not coercion." No "political offender" ought to be treated like an ordinary criminal.

Here we have a mixture of opinions, some good, some bad, but all tending to abolish authority and exalt liberty in the place of order.

Nineteenth-century Liberalism, as has been said, depended on the theory of the Manchester School, that the mainspring of progress is the unhampered action of the individual, and on the Benthamite

canon that the aim of all legislation and all moral effort should be the greatest happiness of the greatest number, everyone to count for one, and no one for more than one. The second may, of course, still be held when the first is discarded, and this is, on the whole, what has happened. But the two were combined in a very delusive theory of human nature.

It was urged that if every man has the chance of buying in the cheapest market and selling in the dearest, trade will inevitably expand; the workman will get the full value of his work, and all the commodities that he needs will be cheap. Taxes will be low, if armaments are kept down, and under Free Trade the nations will not wish to fight each other, since they must lose by doing so. As for the colonies, we need not trouble about them; they will drop off, like ripe fruit. The restricted function of government is to protect life and property.

There was much more truth and wisdom in this theory than it is now the fashion to admit. While it was accepted, England was a going concern as it has never been since. And, in spite of the charge of individualism, it was an organic theory of the nation, aiming not at the enrichment of the few but at an increase in the aggregate wealth of the nation. But it transgressed in practice the other maxim of

Liberalism, that everyone is to count for one and no one for more than one. It bore hardly on the workers till they were allowed to combine freely and form powerful associations.

The tyranny of trade unions was an unexpected development of *laissez faire*, though perhaps a legitimate development. It has added another demonstration of the fact that to abolish all restraints is not always the road to real freedom. A great strike is an awkward event for Liberals. They concede the right of free combination, but now it is used to hold up the community, as Dick Turpin held up a coach. In the name of Liberty it must be stopped, but "Force is no remedy."

If we may judge from Professor Hobhouse's book on "Liberalism" in the Home University Library, there is nothing left of the old Liberal tradition except a generous sympathy with the under-dog, a dislike of force, and an antipathy to the bureaucratic Socialism associated with the Webbs. The Professor does not wish to be treated as "a mere item in a census return." He can accept almost any scheme of confiscation without winking, and his reaction against *laissez faire* goes so far as to say that "the opportunities for work and the remuneration for work can be controlled, if at all, only by the organised action of the community, and there-

fore it is for the community to deal with them." This does not seem to leave much scope for liberty as the nineteenth-century Liberals understood the word.

In fact, the Liberals seem to have turned their backs on all their old principles, and they are likely to be a broken reed in any future struggle against a Red terror. Toryism approaches Socialism in its desire for an organised and disciplined social order, but this is precisely the side of Socialism with which Liberalism has no sympathy. It is a disintegrating principle, which may do great service when the ship of State is in smooth water, but which gives no promise of effective help against predatory raids upon society. If we had a revolution (which personally I do not expect) theirs would be the futile part of Kerensky in 1917. If Labour comes near getting a majority at a General Election, the Liberals will be again ready to put a Red, or Pink, Government in power. It is enough to make Gladstone turn in his grave.

13. CONSERVATISM

LAST week I tried to answer a difficult question —"What is Liberalism ?" For me, at any rate, Liberalism means the political creed of Gladstone and Bright, of Morley and Asquith ; and I do not know what has become of their prophet's mantle. To-day I will try what I can make of another question, not quite so difficult, but not simple : "What is Conservatism ?"

Lord Hugh Cecil, in his companion volume to Professor Hobhouse's "Liberalism," enumerates three component elements in Conservatism.

(1) Distrust of the unknown and love of the familiar.

(2) The defence of Church and King, the reverence for religion and authority.

(3) A feeling for the greatness of the country and for that unity which makes its greatness.

This may be a good summary of the policy of recent Conservatism ; but the three elements are not equally matters of principle. Conservatives

would of course not agree with an Oxford orator who said in my hearing: "Any leap in the dark is better than standing still"—it would be a dangerous maxim if one was caught in a cloud on the Matterhorn—but "*j'y suis, j'y reste*" is not an inspiring maxim; it is only the Liberal travesty of Conservatism.

Conservative support of Church and King is only conditional, and Church and King are not always united. The Tories packed off James II. when he began to bully the Church of England; and the party to-day has no use for a Church which, in face of a conspiracy to overturn constitutional government, behaves as some of our Bishops behaved in the spring of 1926. Even the connexion of Toryism with Imperialism has not been constant. The Tory Government towards the end of Queen Anne's reign was anti-Imperialist and pacifist; so was the Tory revival under George III., when the elder Pitt was ejected from office. The "Little Englandism" of the Liberal Party began with Fox.

Lord Hugh Cecil rightly ignores the charge that Conservatism is the party of the rich against the poor. The strength of modern Conservatism is suburban; the typical Conservative is a poor man in a black coat. At a time when a scavenger is paid £200 a year, with valuable additions from the

rates and taxes, while the young professional man, whose education may have cost from two to three thousand pounds, receives about the same, without any subsidies from the State, it is ridiculous to talk about the Haves and the Have-nots.

When we come to Patriotism we may seem to have reached the root of the matter. Is Patriotism, as Ruskin says, "an absurd prejudice, founded on an extended selfishness"? Is it, as Grant Allen declares: "a vulgar vice—the national or collective form of the acquisitive instinct"? Or do our hearts glow when we read Sir Walter Scott's lines: "Breathes there a man with soul so dead, who never to himself hath said, This is my own, my native land?" and "If I forget thee, O Jerusalem, let my right hand forget her cunning"? We do not say: "Our country, right or wrong"; we can echo Lowell's words: "Our true country is bounded on the north and the south, on the east and the west, by Justice, and when she oversteps that invisible boundary-line by so much as a hair's-breadth she ceases to be our mother." We are primarily, as Socrates and St. Paul agree, citizens of the city whose type is laid up in heaven; but our earthly country is to us the copy and image of it. Did not Christ, who seldom wept, shed tears over Jerusalem?

Herbert Spencer, who hated Toryism, speaks of

the "anti-patriotic bias," which is so strangely prominent to-day. Every enemy of England, white, black, yellow or brown, has his champions among us, and the admirers of the Mahdi and the Mullah, of the Boxer and the Boer, of Gandhi and Lenin, are found to be the same people. The English differ, it seems, from other misguided persons in never being in the right, even by accident. Here is a mental condition which is abhorrent to the Conservative as such.

Apart from his patriotism, a sentiment which may be degraded, but which may be one of the noblest which a man can feel, the Conservative is not a sentimentalist. The Anglo-Saxon countries are the happy hunting-grounds of faddists of every kind. There are some worthy people, invariably Radicals in politics, who join and support every "Anti" crusade. They are anti-vaccinationists, anti-vivisectionists, anti-capital punishment, anti-conscriptionists—it would take too long to enumerate all the fads which flourish like green bay trees in the mud which they are pleased to call their brains.

Sentimentalists have soft hearts and softer heads. But they are kind only to be cruel. They always attack the symptoms and neglect the disease. They have an instinctive dislike to science,

especially the sciences like political economy and eugenics, which insist that you cannot repeal the laws of Nature by ignoring them. The obstacles to scientific legislation certainly do not come from "the stupid party," but from the other side.

Conservatives wish the country to be governed by intelligence, and therefore they cannot really be in favour of democracy, except as a *pis aller*. Conservative Governments are sometimes false to their principles, as when Disraeli tried to "dish the Whigs" in 1867, with the inevitable result that his own head soon adorned the charger; or as when our present government enfranchises the flapper, a measure which will probably have the same results; but I suppose politics consists in choosing always the second-best.

Herbert Spencer, the individualist Liberal, spoke of Socialism as "The New Toryism." He meant that Liberty is being sacrificed to Order, *laissez-faire* to paternal regulation. Conservatism certainly stands for Order as Liberalism stands for Liberty. Obviously we cannot do without either of them; there is no internecine quarrel between a patriotic and high-minded Liberal and a patriotic and high-minded Tory. But the State Socialism of which Spencer was afraid is no longer a living issue. Things are not moving in that direction at all.

Modern Socialism is militant sectionalism—warfare of one class against another, and there is a strong tendency to form international unions for the purpose of civil war. This is flatly contrary to all that Conservatism stands for. A nation divided against itself will be brought to desolation. Without a feeling of loyalty and patriotism underlying all political differences, popular government is impossible. The end of revolutionary movements is either chaos or a military dictatorship.

Conservatism is not on principle opposed to steeply graduated taxation. But it holds that those who pay the taxes ought to have some control over the imposition of them ; this is the only check upon reckless waste and predatory injustice. There is nothing generous in voting away other people's money. "Though I give all my neighbour's goods to feed the poor," St. Paul might have said, "and have not charity, I am nothing." Lord Hugh Cecil gives the modern version of the Parable of the Good Samaritan. The Samaritan runs after the Priest and Levite, takes their oil and wine and horses, and makes them pay the hotel bill of the wounded man. There is a Latin proverb : *Qui suadet, sua det*—"Let him who exhorts others to give, give of his own."

There is no reason of principle why a Conservative

should be either a Free Trader or a Protectionist: it is a matter of expediency. Personally, I am a Free Trader because I hold that unless our trade can hold its own without Tariff walls we shall lose it even with them, and because experience seems to show that Protection leads to corruption; but there is much to be said on the other side.

There is nothing necessarily "stupid" about Conservatism, though it has an uphill fight in our generation.

14. SOCIALISM

THERE are as many definitions of Socialism as there are of Religion, and this is not strange, for there seem to be almost as many Socialisms as Socialists. As Dr. Shadwell says: "When Plato and Jack Jones, St. Paul and Trotsky, Sir Thomas More and Tom Mann are tucked up together under the same blanket, labelled Socialism, it is impossible to say where such a very elastic coverlet begins and ends."

Mr. Ramsay MacDonald has composed a definition which he hopes will be acceptable to everybody. It is a good example of Resolution English. The essence of Resolution English is that each word shall convey the least meaning that it can carry. "No better definition can be given than that it aims at the organisation of the material economic forces of society and their control of the human forces; no better criticism of Capitalism can be made than that it aims at the organisation of the human forces of society and their control by the

ecomonic and material forces." This is the kind of definition which is useful for the purpose of exciting prejudice; in dealing with concrete situations it is, I should say, entirely unhelpful.

On the other side, presumably all Socialists would agree in repudiating two definitions which I have heard:

"What is a Socialist? One who has yearnings
To share equal profits from unequal earnings;
Be he idler or bungler or both, he is willing
To fork out his sixpence and pocket your shilling."

And this from America: "Socialism is an attempt to legislate unsuccessful men into success by legislating successful men out of it." These again are definitions which are useful only as a means of exciting prejudice or letting off steam.

The word Socialism is about a hundred years old. Both the name and the thing arose as part of the aftermath of the Napoleonic wars, just as a recrudescence of it appeared just after the Great War.

It has its prophet, Karl Marx (1818-1883), whose works are a sort of Bible to all Socialists. Marx, says Mr. F. R. Salter, began as a journalist who would have liked to be a don. He thought that his Jewish nationality was an unfair handicap, and soon developed a peculiar hatred "complex," which

never left him. When he finally settled down in London in 1849, he had been expelled from three European countries, and had seen three journalistic ventures perish. He was a fierce-looking man with glittering eyes and a bushy beard, a born agitator.

In true German style he laid down certain "natural-scientific" laws of economic development, which he borrowed from other theorists. There is not one of his predictions which has not been falsified by events, and there is not one of his theories which has not been riddled by hostile criticism.

He makes great play with the two words "bourgeois" and "proletariat," a classification which corresponds to nothing actual. They are both French words, which have no equivalents in other languages. The bourgeois in Molière is the kind of citizen who admires and apes his social superiors. The Revolution of 1789 put power into the hands of this class, which avoided the word for this reason and adopted "citizen" instead. But the Saint-Simonian Socialist meant by "bourgeois" everyone who does not work with his hands.

Marx adopted this absurd name, and to-day it is one of the catch-words which all Russian children are taught to repeat, unexplained, of course. "Proletarian" was a term of contempt in ancient

Rome for the lowest class of citizens who did nothing for the state except produce children. For Socialists, on the contrary, the proletarian is the worker who, they say, produces all the wealth, though most of it is taken from him. Latterly some of the Socialists have begun to hedge, and to claim that some brain-workers are "proletarians." Both words, and the ideas connected with them, are ridiculous when applied to such a society as ours.

The "natural-scientific" law that capital automatically concentrates itself in fewer and fewer hands, so that the rich become richer and the poor poorer, is the keystone of Marxism. Finally, he thought, the trick could be easily done by expropriating a few millionaire monopolists. No prophecy was ever more ludicrously falsified. There has been a growing diffusion of capital; the number of small property-owners has enormously increased. There has been a vast levelling up and levelling down. No more large private houses are built. A house built a hundred years ago for £135,000 was lately sold to be broken up for £3,000. We can no longer distinguish classes by their clothes. There has, in fact, been a progressive equalisation of incomes. There has been concentration of management, but this is a very different thing from concentration of capital.

Marx was also a student of Hegel, from whom he borrowed certain phrases. He proposed, he said, to make Hegel stand on his head, and preach materialism instead of idealism. With this trifling exception, he stands forward as a Hegelian.

Nothing is now left of the Marxian theory of value. Political economy has finally disposed of it.

But though Marx was a poor economist, a poor philosopher, and a very poor prophet, he brought into the political arena something more effective than argument. He is the apostle of class-hatred, the founder of a Satanic anti-religion, which resembles some religions in its cruelty, fanaticism and irrationality.

The chief cause of the entire failure of the Marxian predictions was that the working-classes were unwilling to "sink deeper and deeper into misery" in order to please Herr Marx. They saw opportunities for improving their condition, and they took them, with the goodwill, on the whole, of the employing class. The extreme Labour leaders still look with disfavour on any measures which make the working man more comfortable; they would prefer to see him driven to desperation. It is this amicable policy, which they can hardly avow, that makes them so bitterly opposed to the limitation of

population, and to emigration. Every superfluous and unemployable man is a potential revolutionary.

The Communists had and lost their chance in the years immediately after the war. The likelihood of a violent social revolution in Europe grows less every year, and the appalling object-lesson of Russia, where Bolshevism has produced the most complete hell upon earth that the world has ever seen, has not been thrown away. Nevertheless, the Labour vote on the whole grows in strength, and seems likely to grow still further. Why is this?

There are two causes of revolutionary movements—desperation and aspiration, of which the latter is the more important. Such movements achieve a temporary success when those factors for a time combine, which they will do when the forces of law and order are obviously weakened, as they were in France in 1789, and in Europe generally after the Great War. It is not true that misery generated either the French Revolution or the Russian. An impartial study of French and Russian history makes it clear that the position of the poor was improving rapidly in France in the generation before 1789 and in Russia in the generation before 1914. Hope, not despair, generates popular risings. "The growth of Socialism," says Dr. Shadwell, "coincides with the rising standard of comfort."

The spontaneous movements of the wage-earners themselves are almost always of this kind. Class-hatred and class-warfare are preached, not by genuine workers, but by middle-class *enragés*, driven half mad by hatred and fury against the social system which has disappointed their ambitions. These rascals sow the wind; the next generation reaps the whirlwind.

The British Labour Party, which was once a pioneer and model for other countries, has lost all inspiration and independence, and has become a mere organisation for the progressive pillage of minorities. It has practically dropped State Socialism, since our workers have some notion of liberty, and strongly desire to have "a share in the management," which is contrary to the principles of State Socialism. The Parliamentary section cannot desire Syndicalism, which proposes to dispense with representative government. They have just sense enough to see that an alliance with Bolshevism would knock them out for ever. Finally they know that the attempts at State-management of large enterprises, which have been tried in various countries from Belgium to Queensland, have almost invariably resulted in very heavy losses to the State.

To sum up. Collectivism has been tried and has

failed. Communism has drowned itself in a river of blood. Syndicalism regularises a state of civil war. In a word, Socialism as a programme is quite discredited. The most prudent course for the Labour Party seems to be that which they are following—to throw over all theories; to prevent their Left Wing from provoking an overwhelming reaction; to bribe the electors by promising them the plunder of the minority; and to stir up hatred by wild charges against honourable statesmen.

Under universal suffrage these tactics can hardly fail. It is not Socialism, but a substitute for it, which is coming upon us. The taxpayer probably does not care very much with what sauce he is to be cooked; but a vast parasitic class is being created, which would starve if capitalism were destroyed.

15. PROGNOSTICATIONS

1. *Introductory*

I PROPOSE to borrow the mantle of a minor prophet, and to offer some modest and tentative predictions as to what Europe may be like about a hundred years hence. The future of Catholicism and Protestantism, of the Institution of Marriage, and of Democracy, are subjects which naturally occur to me among others. But to-day I wish to consider whether a minor prophet can justify his existence.

Philosophers have thought it a very strange thing that we should be able to remember the past, but not the future. Why are we blind on one side? The future is as real as the past. Omar Khayyam wished to cancel from the page "unborn to-morrow and dead yesterday." But if both past and future are unreal, where are we? The present is an unextended point, which slips through our fingers and is gone while we are thinking about it. The

whole course of time must be equally real, whatever its relations to eternity may be. Why then, I repeat, are we blind on one side? There is nothing corresponding to this blindness in our knowledge of space.

I once, greatly daring, read a paper to a learned society of metaphysicians on the subject "Is the Time-Process Reversible?" We have all seen a reversed cinema film, and know what it would look like if things happened in the opposite order; in a bathing pool, for instance, we should first see a splash, then the heels of the diver describing a semi-circle upwards. The Queen in "Alice in Wonderland" screams because she is going to prick her finger. I suggested that we are travelling through Time, and not Time through us, and that we do not know the reason why we cannot take a return ticket. We observe that if one thing happens, something else invariably follows, and then we talk about causation. But perhaps there is no causation between phenomena. If I am a necessary consequent, given the atoms, the atoms may be a necessary antecedent, given me.

However this may be, we have not the gift of prophecy, and there are so many bad shots on record that we may reasonably doubt whether any prophets have been inspired. Men of letters have

(as we might expect) not been quite so wide of the mark as men of affairs. Napoleon thought that Europe would shortly either be Republican or Cossack. The Cossacks are, for the moment, down and out, and most of the countries which are unlucky enough not to have kings groan under dictators. Wellington thought that no sensible man doubted that England would never again be so powerful and prosperous as in the past. This was just before the great Victorian era of expansion. Sir Charles Dilke, about 1880, enumerated the Great Powers of the twentieth century, and forgot to mention Germany. Matthew Arnold, George Meredith, and Lord Acton at least prophesied better than this.

Nevertheless, we know more of the future and less of the past than is usually supposed. Practically, we know that a great many things will certainly happen and that a great many other things will certainly not happen. We know that sooner or later the earth will cease to be the abode of life; we know approximately the number of people who will commit suicide or die of cancer next year; and we know that if the astronomers tell us there will be an eclipse there will be one—probably going on behind the clouds.

On the other hand, what we know of the past is

mostly not worth knowing. What is worth knowing is mostly uncertain. Events in the past may be roughly divided into those which probably never happened and those which do not matter. This is what makes the trade of historian so attractive. The Deity, theologians tell us, cannot alter the past, but the historian can and does. When Sir Robert Walpole was ill and his attendant offered to read to him, he said: "Anything except history; I know that *can't* be true."

To predict the future, then, is not only the most important part of the work of an historian; it is the most scientific and least imaginative part of his duties. Our chief interest in the past is as a guide to the future. A partisan history—and a non-partisan history is like a heap of sawdust—is a disguised prophecy. Johnson thought the devil was the first Whig. Macaulay was determined that he himself should not be the last, if his picture of the irresistible current of events could prevent it. The historian is a snob; he always sides with the gods against Cato, and lectures the fallen for their folly in taking the wrong side; but very often the martyrs have the best of it in the long run. *Sedet, aeternumque sedebit infelix Poland!* exclaimed Seeley. But the Poles have proved that it is sometimes worth while to sit tight.

But the prophet is very liable to two mistakes. The first is Utopianism. The future, as Anatole France says, is a convenient place in which to put our dreams. Bosanquet warns us that "to throw our ideals into the future is the death of all sane idealism"; but Bosanquet's idealism was too strong a brew for most of us. We cannot help believing, or persuading ourselves that we believe, that the flowing tide is with us. Our neighbours may be slow in adopting our views, which are so manifestly right; but the time will come when the forces of obscurantism, ignorance, and prejudice will be dispersed, and society will be reconstructed on a more reasonable basis. In religion, we like to think, superstition and bigotry have had their day; in politics, tyranny and injustice cannot last for ever; and so on. In reality, there is no natural tendency for things to get better. A progressive people will have a progressive religion, and a decadent people will have a decadent religion. A nation that deserves freedom will have it; a nation which gains freedom only to abuse it and to make it the basis of some new oppression will deservedly lose it. And the measure of progress is the kind of people whom a country turns out. Mere increase of wealth and technical knowledge will not prevent a degenerate people from deteriorating; if the tree

is good, its fruit will be good ; if the tree is corrupt, its fruit will be corrupt. And a great deal depends on whether the new generation is being recruited from the best stocks, or from the worst.

But the Utopians cannot resist postulating changes in human nature which will make their pet nostrums workable. The societies which they depict are rather like a farmyard of tame animals ; they would be very dull to live in ; but the main objection is that men and women are not made that way, and never will be. No doubt, if we could get rid of the three strongest instincts in human nature—religion, the family, and private property—some kind of communistic State might be possible ; but since these instincts cannot be eradicated, Bolshevism will soon be remembered only as a nightmare. Why is it, by the way, that no woman, so far as I know, has ever written a Utopia ? It seems to be a masculine foible.

There are also a few natural pessimists, who people the unknown future with visions of what they fear, not of what they hope. This has often been the error of Conservatives, who are generally more clear-sighted than Liberals, but who forget that things never turn out either so well or so badly as they ought to do by strict logic. This points to the other trap into which the minor prophet falls. He

sees things moving on in one direction, and assumes that they will go on moving in the same direction indefinitely. He forgets that people vote for liberty because they are tired of anarchy. Every institution carries within it the seeds of its own dissolution, and begins to dig its own grave as soon as tools are entrusted to it. The pendulum swings first one way and then the other ; the tide comes in and goes out in regular alternation. Great movements are seldom directed by reason ; the gentlemen in black coats come in afterwards to prove that what has been done is wise and good. As Frederick the Great said : "I begin by taking what I want ; I can always find pedants to prove my rights."

I shall try to avoid these pitfalls, but I shall not try to divest my anticipations of all valuation and preference. And on the whole I shall lean towards the belief that the better side, as I see it, will not fail. Mankind in the mass is neither irrational nor wicked, and society has the power of generating anti-toxins for virulent poisons.

16. PROGNOSTICATIONS

II. *The Future of Catholicism*

TO a political philosopher the Roman Catholic Church is the most interesting institution in the world. Since 1918 it is the sole survivor of a type of government which has had a long history —a theocratic despotism. The history of Catholicism as an institution is not part of the history of religion; it is the last volume of the history of the Roman Empire. The Catholic Church was not the beginning of the Middle Ages; it was the last creative achievement of classical antiquity, which may be said to have died in giving birth to it, as Greece died in giving birth to Hellenism, and as the Hebrew State died in giving birth to Judaism.

The famous epigram of Hobbes, that the Roman Church is the ghost of the dead Empire, sitting crowned and sceptred among the ruins of it, is familiar to everybody. It is not merely a clever saying. It is the most appropriate way of describing the nature of this Church. The Popes rule like

Augustus, and still more like Diocletian; Peter and Paul have stepped into the shoes of Romulus and Remus; the bishops and archbishops, as Harnack says, are the proconsuls; the troops of priests and monks correspond to the legions; the Jesuits to the imperial bodyguard. The Pope, who calls himself Pontifex Maximus, is the successor of Cæsar. "It is an Empire that this princely Cæsar rules, and to attack it with the armament of dogmatic polemics alone is to beat the air."

When the unwieldy mass of the Roman Empire split into two halves, the Greek Empire and the Latin Empire, there followed inevitably a split between the two Catholic and Orthodox Churches. In the East there was no Pope, but several Patriarchates. The Church was the right arm of the Byzantine Emperors, who were themselves invested with semi-divine attributes. But the Church was always subordinate; and the Russian Tsars, in fear of the rise of an Eastern Pope, put the Patriarchate into commission as the "Holy Synod." This kind of theocratic monarchy lasted till the Russian revolution; for the Russian Empire was, and was proud to be, a direct continuation of the Byzantine. The Tsars always hoped to rule at Constantinople, and to restore the East Roman Empire.

In the West, the collapse of the secular Empire under the blows of the barbarians left the Church supreme, with a much less substantial "ghost" than itself, the Holy Roman Empire (which, as has been said, was neither holy nor Roman nor an Empire), as its only rival. All that was left of the old Roman tradition took refuge in the Roman Church—its principles of government, vestiges of culture, Roman law, and orthodoxy. The tremendous prestige of the Eternal City among its former subjects, and not less among its conquerors, made it certain that if Western Christendom was to have a capital, that capital could only be Rome.

It is interesting to trace the parallel evolution of the Roman State and of the Roman Church—an evolution from a republic to a camouflaged monarchy, and thence to a despotism of the Asiatic rather than of the European type. The coping stone was placed on Papal autocracy in the nineteenth century; it has even been held that the Pope might claim to nominate his successor. But the political philosopher will find in the system of Papal elections one of the most successful devices for securing competent rulers, without the danger of disorder at each demise of the crown, that the wit of man has ever invented. (I need not explain that the American who forced his way into the presence

of the Holy Father with "Well, Pope, I used to know your father, the late Pope," showed an ignorance of the institutions of an effete Continent highly creditable to an honest democrat.)

It is no disparagement to the Catholic saints, some of whom have revealed new possibilities of beauty in human nature, to say that the political record of this second Roman Empire has been almost uniformly disgraceful. Founded upon forged title-deeds and deliberately falsified history, it has established its power by fraudulent miracles and merciless persecution. The statecraft of these priestly diplomatists has even been more unscrupulous than that of other disciples of Machiavelli, and no government until that of the Bolshevists has been so uncompromising in suppressing liberty of thought and speech. Above all, it has steadily put forward, with astonishing effrontery, its claim to be the only true church, and to be the sole depository of divine grace. Rebels against the dominion of the Cæsar on the Vatican were handed over, as long as this was possible, to the secular arm for the destruction of their bodies, and consigned to eternal torments in a future state. This claim to be the sole purveyors of a sovereign remedy is the most familiar of all tricks of trade. The imposture has been enormously lucrative to the Roman Church;

but there are difficulties in maintaining it in countries where other churches flourish side by side with the Roman, and exhibit, so far as man can judge, the same fruits of the Spirit. He would be a bold man who should maintain that the Quakers, who have no sacraments, are not true Christians and followers of Christ.

The prestige of this august Church has gained rather than lost by the disappearance of other monarchies of similar type. Especially, the temporary ruin of the Orthodox Eastern Church has removed the only competitor whose rivalry could not be despised. Hopes are even entertained by Romanists that the persecuted Christians in Eastern Europe and Asia Minor (if there are any left) may be willing to accept the protection of the Holy See. This, however, is most improbable. The Russian Church will emerge from its ordeal, purified and strengthened.

I hope to consider next week the prospects of the Protestant Churches. The opinion is widely held that Protestantism has received its death-blow from Biblical criticism, and that Europe a hundred years hence will be either Catholic or not Christian at all. Roman propagandism is always zealous and subtle. A thin trickle of converts never ceases to flow from the Protestant Churches to the Roman,

and it is almost an article of faith with Catholics to believe that the spiritual Empire will one day recover its lost provinces. At present, for various reasons, which I shall consider next week, the Catholic type of worship is more attractive than the Protestant, and even within Churches which are nominally Protestant there is a marked approximation to Catholic methods, which smoothes the way to conversions.

Another factor which may be useful to Catholicism is the activity of anti-Christian and anti-social international revolutionary movements. If these become more menacing, many who are not Roman Catholics may think that salvation can only come from another International, which, with all its faults, is pledged to preserve the continuity of civilisation and of the spiritual tradition. If Bolshevism ever spreads over the civilised world (a disaster which becomes less likely every year), it is quite possible that the Roman Church may be invited to save society from total ruin.

But Romanism offers more legitimate attractions than this. It is immensely wise and experienced in dealing with human nature, cherishing no illusions about progress, and content to use methods which have stood the test of many centuries. If we consider religion not as a science or philosophy, but

as an art—the art of acquiring a character and habits which are regarded as desirable—we shall understand better the strength of the Roman system. The priests say virtually, "If you admire the character of the Catholic saint; if you would like to be that kind of person; if you would wish to be free from all uncomfortable doubts and to be personally conducted through life, put yourselves under our training, and we will promise to deliver the goods." Catholicism, in other words, is a very successful system of mind-cure. Even if the treatment is by quackery, the average patient would rather be cured by a quack than treated unsuccessfully by orthodox science.

Nevertheless, I do not think that Roman Catholicism will advance very much further, though it is not likely to decay. It is entangled inextricably with supernaturalism and belief in the occurrence of miracles, at a time when scientific education and the scientific atmosphere are becoming generally diffused. Roman Catholicism cannot come to terms with the scientific spirit, though it may slip out of its recorded condemnations of some scientific discoveries. When women receive a sound secular education, the main supporters of the Latin form of Christianity will begin to fall away. We shall, I hope, see a new branch of ethics, based on

science, and Catholicism will pass no coins which do not bear the stamp of its own mint.

Besides this, the glamour of the name of Rome has now faded away. The Roman Empire looks very small on the map of the world. The greatest modern nations no longer look up to Mediterranean civilisation as the highest. They are not Latins, and are no more likely to become spiritual subjects of an Italian priest than to pay taxes to the King of Italy. The Roman Church, in fact, is an extraordinarily interesting survival, for which every classical scholar must feel some sympathy; but its expectations of universal dominion are a mere romantic dream.

17. PROGNOSTICATIONS

III. *The Future of Protestantism*

IT has become customary both among Roman and Anglican Catholics to speak of Protestantism as a spent force. In a hundred years, they predict, the Protestant Churches will have fallen to pieces, as in the early centuries of Christianity the Arian Churches fell to pieces after flourishing for a few generations. Lutheranism, they say, will not long survive the fall of the German monarchy which supported it. Calvinism is discredited both by the growing desire for beauty and artistic embellishment in divine worship, and by the moral impossibility of believing either in the total depravity of human nature or in the predestination of many human beings to eternal damnation. The Anglican Church is in chaos—it is a collection of incompatible religions held together by the Establishment. Nonconformity was the creed of middle-class Liberalism. The life has gone out of it. In

the future men will be either Catholics or infidels. In answer to all this, I will give my reasons for thinking that Protestantism must change, but that it is not at all likely to disappear.

Protestantism did not begin at the Reformation. It is a recurrent phenomenon in the history of religion, a revolt against the corruptions which always threaten institutional Churches. Churches are founded to safeguard a revelation; they end by strangling the ideas which they were meant to protect. When a Church ceases to be a voluntary association of enthusiastic believers, and becomes the purveyor of spiritual comforts to the unregenerate majority, its doctrines either congeal or evaporate; its discipline falls into the hands of a crafty priesthood; ceremonial observances displace moral obligations; and primitive superstitions again lift up their heads, to be exploited by the hierarchy. Protestantism is a "protestation"—an earnest declaration—that (in the words of Micah) the Lord requires nothing of us but to do justice and love mercy and to walk humbly with our God. It insists always on the same things—ethical purity, individual freedom, immediate access to the throne of grace.

The Prophets were the Protestants of the Old Testament. The conflict between priest and

prophet is perennial; there is seldom a truce, except when "the prophets prophesy falsely, and the priests bear rule by their means, and the people love to have it so." The Prophets and Psalms are full of denunciations of priestly religion with its feasts, fasts and sacrifices.

Christ Himself led a Protestant movement in the Jewish Church. He placed Himself in the prophetic succession; He lived, taught and died as a Prophet, and as a very revolutionary Prophet. With sovereign confidence He set aside the Law of Moses. "It was said to them of old time . . . but I say unto you," something different. The old garments and the old wineskins must be discarded. The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath. According to a story preserved in an old manuscript of St. Luke, "finding a man working on the Sabbath He said to him, Man, if thou knowest what thou doest, thou art blessed, but if thou knowest not, thou art cursed and a transgressor of the Law."

As for ceremonial washings, fastings, and the like, He declared that nothing which enters into a man can either sanctify or defile him. From within, out of the heart of man, proceeds all that can exalt or debase the character. (St. Paul interprets this rightly, "He that regardeth the day, regardeth

it unto the Lord, and he that regardeth not the day, to the Lord he doth not regard it. He that eateth, eateth unto the Lord, and giveth God thanks ; and he that eateth not, to the Lord he eateth not, and giveth God thanks.") Christ even said : " Destroy this Temple " (the institutional centre of the Jewish Church), " and in three days I will raise it up "—a spiritual Temple built in the hearts of men for a habitation of God through the Spirit. Thus Christ abolishes all barriers of race, colour, sex, and Church by ignoring them. No intermediaries are needed between God and man. There is an end of all sacrifices, except the consecration of ourselves. He founded no new religion in the ordinary sense of the word—no organised Church, no priests, no sacred writings. If ever there was a drastic Protestant movement in history, it was the original Gospel of Jesus Christ.

There is therefore ample justification for the claim of evangelical Christians that they only wish to go back to the fountain head. They say justly that every feature of the religion to destroy which Christ suffered Himself to be nailed to the Cross has been brought back in His name. There were many abortive attempts at a Reformation in the Middle Ages, of which that of our own John Wyclif is one of the most interesting, and finally there was the

great secession of Northern Europe from Rome in the sixteenth century. In the Latin countries the movement was again crushed; the traditions of Rome were too powerful. In the Northern countries independence was gained. But what else was gained?

Luther and Calvin were both mediaevalists, and, from the point of view of humanists like Erasmus, reactionaries. Neither of them was a philosopher, and Luther was a most inconsistent theologian. How little he understood the principles of evangelical Christianity may be judged by his answer to the question whether if a mouse ate a crumb of consecrated bread, the mouse would have partaken of the body of Christ. Luther said, "Yes." Calvin was a learned theologian, as well as a great organiser. But even more than Luther he is responsible for the greatest blunder of Protestantism, that of substituting the verbally infallible Book for the infallible Church, as an external authority of the same type. Of course, the truth is that both sides were fighting for their existence, and that as a result of the savage Wars of Religion, both the Reformation and the counter-Reformation were narrowed, stiffened and brutalised. In war there is no room for sweet reasonableness, nor for philosophers.

Calvin was a more formidable opponent of Rome than Luther, being more consistent and uncompromising; but his extreme bibliolatry, his exaggerated language about human depravity, and his doctrine of predestination, which is really pantheistic, since it acknowledges only one effective will in the universe, are all alike intolerable to modern ideas.

In our own generation there is also a revolt against the social teaching of Calvin. The modern business man, it has been said, if he is not a child of the Ghetto, is a grandchild of John Calvin. That curious product of industrial civilisation, the business man, who works like a slave and sometimes rules like a slave-driver, for the sake of wealth which his principles and habits alike forbid him to enjoy, and who never asks himself whether there is any rational justification for the life which he has chosen, is the direct result of Calvinism. The type is becoming extinct, but it may still be studied in America and in Scotland.

Nevertheless, I agree with Santayana that the meaning of all this is that the northern nations have not yet found themselves in religion. They discovered four hundred years ago that the Mediterranean religion did not suit them, and it never will suit them. But we are, as Santayana,

who is a Spaniard, tells us, still inexperienced barbarians, compared with the older and more sophisticated nations of the South. The uneducated Southerner, if he is religious, is a pagan pure and simple; the Northerner indulges in ridiculous fads, such as Anglo-Israelitism or Christian Science; he maintains that when St. Paul recommends Timothy to "take a little wine for his stomach's sake," the medicine was for external application only; and that the text: "Worship the Lord with clean lips," condemns the use of tobacco. These are the absurdities of honest barbarians; the Latin races do not make fools of themselves in that particular way.

But there is a deep seriousness and earnestness about the Northerners which will not rest till they have found a religion which will satisfy both their conscience and their intelligence. That this religion will be Christian need not be doubted; that it will not be Latin Catholicism is certain; but it is equally certain that it cannot be Protestantism as we have known it. The seat of authority will not be the Bible, but the mind of Christ—the Gospel interpreted by the "testimony of the Holy Spirit within us." This Christ-mysticism is the centre of St. Paul's religion. Further, the Protestantism of the future will have made its peace with Humanism

—which now means science rather than literature. It will welcome the new knowledge instead of anathematising it, and will try in every way to represent and to consecrate whatever is best in the civilisation of each nation.

18. PROGNOSTICATIONS

IV. *Education in* 2,000 *A.D.*

A WELL-KNOWN man of letters recently asked a Frenchman, a Swede, a Dutchman, an American, a Chinaman and a Japanese: "What is the leading interest in your country? What do your people really believe in?" They all answered: "Education."

If these men were right, we must expect that all over the world the twentieth century will be a period of enthusiasm for education, of bold experiments in education, and of unstinted public expenditure on education. Education is an essential part of the great experiment to which we are committed—that of extending civilisation right through the population, instead of restricting the higher culture to a small class. Equality of opportunity, and a career open to the talents, are as far as possible to be secured to all. In the future we are to have no more mute inglorious Miltons, and no potential

Darwins condemned to a local reputation as collectors of butterflies.

It is a fine idea ; but it will raise many problems. We do not want an educated proletariat, a crowd of starving clerks, artists, penmen, and secretaries. We do not want to take the ablest sons of the working man and put them all into black coats. This is in fact what we are doing with our system of subsidies and scholarships restricted to the sons of poor parents. The learned professions (except the Church) are in consequence over-crowded ; the men in black coats compete for a starvation pittance, and are much worse off than the skilled labourer. Our parlour Bolshevists often come from this class, and unfortunately, many of them are teachers of the young.

Education ought to be partly an apprenticeship to what boys and girls are to do afterwards. Perhaps in the future this will be recognised. At present domestic economy, down to the humblest details, is much better taught in expensive girls' schools than to those who will be the wives of working men or domestic servants.

Those who have had a public school and university education may be tempted to give too much importance to the future of those institutions, for which, as a rule, they cherish an almost romantic

affection. But the question is really of national importance.

Nothing has contributed so much to create "two nations" in England as the tradition of "a gentleman's education." But the distinction is not at all between the rich and the poor, as Disraeli declared in "Sybil." It is a rapidly disappearing social cleavage, peculiar to this country, which ran across the middle of the bourgeois class. On the upper side of the line were those who had received a classical education, which as Dean Gaisford said in the Oxford University pulpit, "not only leads to positions of considerable emolument, but entitles those who have received it to look down upon the vulgar herd."

This precious education was a legacy of the Renaissance and of the Middle Ages, and is a wonderful monument of stolid Conservatism. To show reverence for the Greeks, who knew no language but their own, English boys were taught, not their own language, but ancient Greek. In recognition of the practical ability of the Romans, who believed in eloquence, they studied, not Chatham and Burke, but Cicero. To make them love their own country, they learned by heart, not the legends of King Arthur and Shakespeare's historical plays, but the patriotic literature of the

ancient Hebrews. The city they were never to forget was not London, but Jerusalem.

The method of teaching was to cram down the boys' throats gobbets of crude information, to be presently disgorged in the same state at the next examination. The only really classical thing about this system was the plentiful use of the birch or cane, with the cult of athletics, of which the modernist Euripides complained in almost the same words as Rudyard Kipling. The results, however, were quite good. It is a consoling thought that with all our pains we cannot do our children much harm.

University education has been a continuation of the public schools, with even slacker discipline and less social tyranny. The sporting pass-man is now being eliminated from most colleges, which is a good thing; but there are complaints at Oxford of the havoc wrought by the undergraduette. "She spoils the men's Mods by getting engaged to them and their Greats by jilting them."

Public school education is being thoroughly reformed, and I could not join in the severe criticisms which are passed upon these much beloved and venerated institutions. Their influence tells upon many of the new County Council Schools, which are often presided over by an Oxford or

Cambridge Scholar, who teaches his boys to love their school and to play for their side, according to the best public school tradition.

But the question is whether the economic stress and the competition of State education will not destroy the public schools. They will fight desperately for their lives, but I fear that only a few of them will be left at the end of the century. There are no signs of decay at present. All the great schools, and new foundations like Stowe, are full to overflowing. But I do not think that this will last long. The number of fathers who can afford to spend £3,000 on a boy's education, with the prospect of seeing him, at the age of twenty-two, glad to accept the wages which our county councils give to a scavenger, is not large, and will become smaller.

At present the system is maintained by an expedient which is nationally disastrous. If we examine ten or twenty pages of "Who's Who," and count the average families of those who are successful enough to be included in that "Debrett of the middle class," we shall see that the average family is one son and one daughter. This limitation of families, which amounts to the slow suicide of a whole class (three or four children are necessary if the numbers are to be kept up) is mainly the result

of the enormous expense of "a gentleman's education." The consequences, in the opinion of all eugenists, are deplorable. Not only are the good upper and middle class families the backbone of the nation, and the main source of its greatness, but in each generation the most brilliant members of the working class make their way into the class which is now voluntarily sterilising itself. Our present social order skims off the cream in each generation and throws it away.

Much as I should regret to see our public schools shut up, I think that when almost all parents are driven to take advantage of the excellent State schools which will soon be available in every large town this motive for race-suicide will disappear. The heaviest burden will be lifted from the shoulders of the poor professional man, who will also usually prefer one of the new universities, which have no residential colleges, and are about 50 per cent cheaper than Oxford and Cambridge.

I have left myself very little space for the subjects of education. Here psychology may be expected to sweep away the remains of traditional folly. Instead of making a child do whatever he most dislikes, and whipping him whenever outraged nature rebels, we shall consider his healthy tastes, and adapt ourselves to them. What does the child

like doing? To talk and listen; to act (dramatically); to draw, paint and model; to dance and sing; to know the why of things; to make things with his hands. Aristotle was a good psychologist when he said that "imitation" is the foundation of the arts. Further, from eight to sixteen is the time to learn by heart; when a young man goes to the university, the less he crams for examinations the better.

We may expect that secondary education will have two branches—humanism and science. The former will include the classical masterpieces, read chiefly in translations; but it will be based mainly on English literature.

What about religious education? Religion is caught rather than taught; I do not think that the "religious lesson" does much good. But most assuredly the schools ought to aim at making their pupils good Christians. The main obstacle comes from two fanatical sects, the Roman Catholics and the Communists, who wish to dye their children's minds indelibly with their own colour, turning them into finished little bigots. If religion is banished from education it will be the fault of these comparatively small sects. On the other hand, I see the difficulty of teaching a religion which shall be no religion in particular. It is almost like talking in

a tongue which is no language in particular. This is a problem for the future.

Finally, here is a story which we shall do well to lay to heart. A foreign diplomatist, in conversation with an English lady, loaded our nation with compliments till she said: "I shall not believe that you are sincere in all the nice things that you have said about us, unless you end up with something really disagreeable." He hesitated for a minute, and then said: "*You are the worst-educated people in Europe.*" (Of course he did not mean to include Russia and the Balkans in "Europe.") If this is true, or anywhere near the truth, we have our work cut out for us.

19. PROGNOSTICATIONS

v. *The Great Powers in A.D.* 2,000

TO attempt to draw a map of the world with its political boundaries three-quarters of a century hence would be a rash and even foolish proceeding. No one can foresee what coalitions and alliances may be made, or what annexations and redistributions of territory may result from the next world-war, if that immeasurable calamity should occur. But certain general principles of political prediction may be laid down, and their main consequences indicated.

Countries which are already saturated with population are likely to be relatively, if not absolutely, weaker than they are now, and countries which could support a much greater number than their present population are likely to fill up and to be stronger than they are at present.

Countries which from their size and geographical

position are relatively invulnerable will have a great advantage over those which live in constant danger of attack by powerful neighbours. They will profit by having (so to speak) to pay much less in insurance against burglary.

Countries which are nearly self-supporting as regards the necessaries of life and the raw materials of wealth are more secure than those which are obliged to import their food or coal or oil from abroad—unless, indeed, they are too weak to defend their natural wealth.

Countries which are peopled by mutually antagonistic races, like the Austrian Empire before the War, are at a disadvantage compared with very homogeneous countries like France, or with countries where nationalities are fused, like the United States.

Among the countries which are already saturated with population the chief are Great Britain, Belgium, Holland, Italy, India, China and Japan. Two of these—India and China—have very large areas and immense populations. But in both cases the growth of numbers seems to have almost ceased, and neither China nor an independent India is likely to be dangerous as a military Power, though either of them would speedily drive the white man from any country in which its labourers were allowed to

settle freely. This has been thought by some to make the future of Australasia somewhat precarious, especially as Japan, where the natural increase of population is still excessive, ranks as a military power of the first class. But the population of Australia is also increasing, though rather too slowly, and the Australians are magnificent fighters. Moreover, they could count on help from America as well as England if invaded by a yellow race.

The United States will probably have a population of 250 millions, and will be practically unassailable. The only question is whether the Americans will rule over the whole of the New World. I am inclined to think that Canada will remain politically independent of the United States, though in social life it will, I am afraid, be thoroughly Americanised. I do not think that Latin America will be absorbed. The former Spanish and Portuguese colonies are increasingly conscious of their race, and they will grow in population and wealth even more rapidly than the United States.

In 2,000 A.D. South America will be almost as much Italian as Spanish, for the swarming Italian population, excluded from North America, must find homes south of the Rio Grande. The Latin Repub-

lics will probably form an alliance or loose confederation to protect each other against aggression from the North. There are several other South American countries beside Argentina which are intended by Nature to be the homes of great and wealthy nations. We may, therefore, name the United States and the South American group as two of the mightiest Powers of the world three generations hence.

The other great nation whose future can hardly be in doubt is Russia. The Slavs, as Bismarck truly said, multiply like rabbits, while the Germanic races only multiply like hares. The normal growth of a Slav population is nearly 20 per thousand per annum. Russia is not very likely to split up, or to remain split up, because there are no natural frontiers across its great plains. European Russia, with scientific agriculture and manufactures, could support nearly double its present population, and Siberia is potentially richer than Canada. The present paralysis of the nation may continue for a few years longer, but no one supposes that it can last more than one generation. As soon as Russia is free, it will begin to press heavily upon Europe and Asia, as it did in the nineteenth century. We shall then look with very different eyes upon Germany, as the rampart against the Slavification of Central

and Western Europe. The Germans thought that we were very ungrateful not to recognise this in 1914; but they had only their own war-lords to thank if we believed that at that time Germany was the more pressing danger.

It is, in my opinion, idle to expect that any of the European nations (Russia is not really a European nation), with their small areas, will be a match for these huge aggregates. There is no reason why the British Commonwealth of nations should not hold together as an alliance of several virtually independent peoples. But an alliance is not so strong as a single government; and if we look at the British Isles apart from the Dominions beyond the seas, I do not think that we shall be still a Power of the first class in the year 2,000. The decline may be only relative, not absolute; but our pride is likely to suffer some mortifications.

The same applies to France. An industrialised France could carry, perhaps, ten millions more than its present population. But the millions of black mercenaries, on whom the French rely for "the next war," are not likely to be a source of strength; and we may hope that any nation which employed savages to fight its battles would meet with the fate which it would deserve.

Germany and Austria will probably unite, and

will keep the border against Russia. It will not be possible, just, or desirable to keep Germany permanently disarmed, and Austria can hardly remain in its present mutilated condition.

Annexations do not always determine the fate of peoples. Quebec became a prosperous French Colony as a result of Wolfe's victory. Tunis is becoming an Italian province under the French flag. Cuba, which is now the richest country in the world per head of the population, next to the United States, owes everything to the defeat of Spain by the Americans. The advocates of disarmament must remember that it is only by the unsparing use of force that the high-standard countries can escape being swamped by cheap labour. But "the Rising Tide of Colour" is, in my opinion, dangerous only in the field of economic competition. As I have said already, it is not true that the Browns and Yellows are increasing more rapidly than the Whites.

If it were possible to form a United States of Europe, this group would be irresistible. Ethnologically, there is no reason against it. All the European nations are composed of the three great racial types—Nordic, Alpine and Mediterranean, differently mixed. The Alpine type (round-headed)

is very weak in Britain, and Scandinavia may be almost purely Nordic; but there is no nation without racial admixture. We are all mongrels. In America the emigrants from all European countries live together amicably; why, it is asked, should not Europeans consult their own manifest interests and do the same? It is an ideal worth working for; but I fear that national prejudices and well-justified suspicions may prove too strong, unless, indeed, Europe is driven to combine for mutual protection. At present the only rivals to nationalism are the Black and Red Internationals—Ultramontane Catholicism and Communism. Heaven forbid that old-fashioned patriotism should be destroyed by either of these!

I have said that in my opinion the very small area of Great Britain makes it inevitable that we shall cease to be one of the Great Powers of the world. This need be no great loss, since we shall be able to keep our independence. Some of the smaller countries of Europe are among the most highly cultivated, and among the most agreeable to live in. The England of Shakespeare and Milton was by modern standards a very small country indeed. It might even be plausibly argued that all the greatest things have been done by small countries,

such as Palestine, Athens, and Florence. But in this article I have merely attempted to guess what is likely to happen, without any predisposition either to optimism or pessimism.

20. PROGNOSTICATIONS

VI. *Social Life In The Next* 100 *Years*

THE chief effect of the Great War was to precipitate changes which were taking place slowly and gradually. Sir Edward Grey, in 1914, warned the Austrian Ambassador that at the end of the war everything that the Central Empires wished to preserve would disappear. It was a true prophecy. In 1911 I ventured to say to a German publicist that if a European war broke out Europe would be wantonly sacrificing its last fifty years of supremacy—the *tertius gaudens* would be America. This also was, I think, a true prophecy. But the social changes that we are seeing began long before the war.

The golden age of the middle class began in 1832, though the old oligarchy kept much of their power for a generation longer. The downfall of the bourgeoisie began with Disraeli's clever stroke to dish the Whigs in 1867, though as before the effects of the extension of the franchise were not very

apparent till another generation had passed. Now under universal suffrage the helplessness of the middle class is painfully apparent, especially in the professions. Before the end of the century we may see such a state of things as exists in America. An American naval attaché told me that as a naval officer he was considered no credit to his family. His relations tried to persuade him to give up the navy and become a shopkeeper. But I do not expect that we shall be commercialised to this extent, and hope that the prestige of the Army, Navy, and the learned professions will be kept up, in spite of the poverty of those who choose them.

The solid comfort in which the British professional man lived in the last century was quite exceptional. The great scholars and thinkers of Germany in the pre-Bismarckian age were content with a very few hundreds a year, and were honoured as they deserved. The same has always been true in France, where the prizes, even in the legal and medical professions, are very small as compared with those which a leading barrister or surgeon wins in this country. I hope that the big legal fortunes, which seem to me a scandal, will before long be a thing of the past. The enormous fees paid to the most persuasive counsel are simply a measure of the incompetence of our tribunals. It ought not to

make nearly so much difference whether a litigant is able to retain a leader of the Bar or a capable young advocate.

Big fortunes continue to be made in America, partly because they are easily won, and partly because it is worth while to make them. In England they will be increasingly hard to make, and it will be hardly worth while to make them, since the confiscatory death duties will render it almost impossible to found a family, which has always been the main object of an Englishman's ambition. Very few men would work with the object of being very rich in their old age if they knew that the State would take more than half their savings at their death. Now that the possession of wealth is treated as a sort of crime, the old ostentation is rapidly disappearing. In twenty years there will be very few large country houses left. They are among the few beautiful things that we have to show to our visitors, but they are doomed. The whole face of the country will be spotted with bungaloid growths, within which childless couples will sleep, after racing about the roads in their little motor-cars.

As in America, the typical house will be servantless. Meals will be brought in from a delicatessen shop, and heated by a gas or electric cooker. The

art of supplying standardised needs by pressing buttons will be carried to great perfection.

The population will, I think, begin to decrease slowly before 1950. The increase at present is entirely due to the preponderance of young lives in the population, which keeps the crude death-rate (about 12 per 1,000) very much below the real death-rate (about 18 per 1,000). As the rate of increase slows down, the age-distribution of the population will gradually become normal, and between 1940 and 1950, if my calculations are correct, the crude death-rate will rise to meet the real death-rate.

A decline in numbers would relieve the terrible burden of unemployment, which in part at least is clearly due to over-population, and a little more elbow-room would be very desirable.

Social equality will go further even than economic equality. Education is rapidly removing the differences of dialect which in England, perhaps more than in other countries, accentuate social barriers. Now that gentlemen's sons are, in hundreds, becoming bagmen, shopwalkers, and what not, while the sons of workmen are entering the professions through the county council schools and State subsidies, a man's occupation will soon be no indication of the position of his parents. In all

callings unprotected by trade unions there will be increasing competition, and perhaps a higher average of ability. But the trade unions are likely to make it difficult for newcomers to enter the trades, and it is quite possible that before the end of the century a boy may become a miner or a bricklayer "by patrimony," as he now becomes a member of a City Livery Company. In this way a modified caste system may arise in the trades, each unionist being allowed to bring in one son.

There is much in this prospect to which we may look forward without regret—especially the growth of social equality. Lord Chesterfield (he of the letters) found fault with the manners of Samuel Johnson because, as he said, the lexicographer treated everyone alike. A gentleman, his lordship thought, ought to have a different and appropriate manner to his superiors, his equals and his inferiors. In our day Lord Chesterfield would soon be made to understand that his own manners were intolerable. But we have still something to learn in this respect from well-bred Americans, who reserve a deferential mode of address for age and proved worth. It is here, and not in politics, that democracy may claim to be Christian. Christianity has nothing to say for or against democracy as a form

of government, or as a form of State, but as a form of society it is on the side of democracy. The true gentleman has, of course, learned this lesson; but those whose social position is not well defined are still liable to fall into snobbery and arrogance.

The greatest danger which we have to fear is the result of universal suffrage. We are not heading for Socialism. Socialism seems to have died in giving birth to its misbegotten brat Communism, an utterly unworkable scheme. What is called Socialism is simply political bribery on a large scale; and under universal suffrage the largest bribers are likely to win. A new class of tax-eaters, as Cobbett called them, is being created, much larger and therefore much more dangerous than the idle rich of the past. The dole is the most mischievous and ruinous device for buying off revolution that has ever been invented. It was resorted to after the Napoleonic War in the form of out-door relief out of the rates; and the burdens on the land soon became so intolerable that farmers began to throw up their farms, and parsons their livings. At that time the receivers of the dole had no votes, and the Government had the courage to bring the pernicious system to a sudden end. Now, no Government would dare to do anything of the kind.

A generation is growing up, a large proportion of

whom has never done an honest day's work. They apply every week for their twenty-five or thirty shillings, as proud as if they had deserved well of their country. If they are offered thirty-two shillings a week for some unskilled labour, they reject it with scorn. "What? Me work for six shillings a week? I have a right to twenty-six shillings for doing nothing." They will not emigrate, for no country in the world makes things so comfortable for its Won't-Works as England does.

Besides the dole, there are other exemptions and subventions which go far beyond the value of the labourer's work. This new parasitism is strangling the industry of the country, and preventing the recovery which would soon reduce the numbers of unemployed. The effects are very deadly, for people are coming to look to the State as an inexhaustible lucky-bag into which everyone has the right to dip. The habit of honest work is lost, and a vast number of useless mouths is being maintained, who every year become more incapable of making good.

It is not easy to see how any remedy for this terrible evil is to be found. It is a bad sign that is already accepted as an incurable and permanent drain on the resources of the nation. Whole classes

are going under beneath the burden, and making no audible complaints. It is like the state of things under the later Roman Empire, when the middle class met their fate in dumb resignation. Resignation is the disease of which civilisations die.

21. PROGNOSTICATIONS

VII. *The Future of Marriage*

SHORTLY before the Great War, in a sermon which I preached at the consecration of a Bishop, I said that the Church was winning its battle against intemperance, but was in danger of losing its battle against immorality. About the ame time an opponent of Christianity said that the religion of Christ was preparing to die in its last ditch—sexual ethics. We have not yet been driven to our last ditch, but it is certain that we can never evacuate this particular line of trenches. Christianity stands or falls with its doctrine of the sanctity of the marriage tie, which its Founder proclaimed in uncompromising language, and which from the first has been regarded as the earthly symbol of the love and loyalty which unites the Church to its living Lord. There can be no shilly-shallying here.

And yet the institution of monogamous marriage

is everywhere assailed. In many States of the American Union divorce is so easy and so common that marriage is looked upon as a revocable experiment. A few years ago, when we were visiting one of the North European countries, our hosts apologised for asking divorced persons to meet us, on the ground that it was difficult to make up a dinner party if they were excluded. In almost every country divorce is steadily increasing, and public opinion becomes more and more tolerant of it.

Views are widely expressed, particularly in fiction, which undermine the whole basis of Christian marriage. For the Christian, the marriage vow is not a declaration of passionate love, but a promise of life-long faithfulness. It is the most solemn engagement that a man or woman makes in the whole of his or her life. It involves a definite pledge of sexual fidelity, and of mutual affection in health and sickness, in prosperity and adversity. The promise is made more sacred by being exchanged "in the sight of God," but it is also a pledge of personal honour, than which nothing can be more stringent.

In opposition to this, the theory of the popular novelist, and of a large section of society, is that

marriage is only binding while the two parties are physically attracted by each other; that if love—or rather lust—is transferred to another object, the marriage-tie may be broken without scruple; and that the adulterous pair may "regularise their position" by going through the form of marriage, after which they expect to be received as respectable members of society.

Since the subject of these articles is the probable state of Europe, and especially of Britain, at the end of the present century, we must consider whether this laxity is, in its degree, a new thing, and whether it is likely to last. This is a most difficult question to answer, because there never has been a time when moralists were not ready to exclaim with Cicero, "*O tempora! O mores!*" and probably with good reason. But I think there is no doubt that waves of licence and of Puritanism tend to follow each other.

In the Middle Ages chivalry was by no means so pure as we should suppose after reading the "Idylls of the King." The nobles did what they liked with the wives and daughters of their vassals, and those who are curious about the morals of the clergy in the so-called Ages of Faith may be referred to Lea's "History of Clerical Celibacy." There was prob-

ably some improvement, from prudential motives, after the appalling outbreak of a hitherto unknown disease at the end of the fifteenth century; but English Puritanism was followed by the age of Charles II., of whom, it might be said, as of "*Le Roi d'Yvetôt*,": "*Ses sujets avaient cent raisons de le nommer leur père*." The morals of the Regency, after the great war against Napoleon, were equally depraved, though perhaps the licence a hundred years ago was mainly among the privileged classes. After the accession of Queen Victoria there was a sharp reaction. The aristocrats had to seek the help of the middle class against revolution, and to adopt, or pretend to adopt, their standard of morality. It is probable that the sanctity of marriage has never been so generally respected as during the reign of the Old Queen. After her death the pendulum began to swing in the opposite direction, and the Great War undoubtedly gave a great stimulus to looseness of morals.

It is supposed in England that in the Latin countries the *ménage à trois* has always been an institution; but some who know the French well say that we ought not to judge them by their novels. In Russia the relations of the sexes have always been looser than in the West, and since the revolution they are said to be almost unspeakable.

Are we to expect another wave of Puritanism? It is quite possible, and much to be wished. But the revolt against what is called taboo-morality is very widespread. Marriage, we are told, was made for man, and not man for marriage. Even if it be granted that the majority of marriages are happy, it must be allowed that mistakes are frequent, and that a thoroughly ill-assorted marriage blights the happiness of two persons who might be tolerably happy with other partners. Ought not the victims of such errors to be granted relief, not only by the law of the land, but by public opinion? Why should marital infidelity be accepted as a cause for the dissolution of marriage, while other offences, which are even more destructive of happiness, are not admitted as sufficient? Might it not be argued that the rule generally accepted by religious people is plainly based on what is supposed to be the authority of the Gospels, although Christ never wished to be a legislator, and always gave us general principles, not laws, leaving us to apply those principles to circumstances as they might arise?

There is hardly any other question concerned with morals in which a definite decision is so difficult. It is easy for those who enjoy the supreme blessing

of a happy marriage to ignore the miseries of those who have chosen badly, and to quote the old maxim that "hard cases make bad law." It may be answered that it is a bad law which multiplies hard cases, and that bad laws ought to be repealed. My own opinion is that marriage between an adulterer and his or her paramour ought never to be allowed even by the State, and also that the Church is right to exact a stricter standard than the civil law. But I should hesitate very much to say that no misconduct except infidelity should be recognised by the Church as a sufficient cause for the dissolution of a marriage.

The tendency now is toward greater freedom, and it is unlikely that the rigour of the Victorian age will be restored. Nevertheless, we may hope to see a healthy reaction against the present looseness. The popular novels of to-day may, twenty years hence, be as completely excluded from decent houses as the books of Mrs. Afra Behn were from Victorian drawing-rooms. The authors will be rightly served if this oblivion overtakes them.

It is possible that a distinction may in future be recognised between marriages in church and those at a registrar's office. Those who are married in a church or chapel will be understood to have taken a

vow of lifelong fidelity, which it would be in the highest degree dishonourable to break. Those, on the other hand—and the number of them may increase—who look upon marriage as an experimental partnership which may without disgrace be dissolved by mutual consent, will naturally be content with a ceremony before a registrar. Religious bodies may insist on the religious ceremony as a condition of full membership—as a condition, for example, of admission to the Holy Communion; but this is only one of several difficult problems of Church discipline, which it is not necessary to discuss here.

The rate of illegitimacy is happily very low in England, and it is not likely that irregular unions followed by the birth of children will become much more common, or will be generally condoned. In several other European countries the outlook is far less favourable. But with us, at any rate, I do not think that the institution of marriage will be seriously threatened.

Marriage has established itself as the happiest condition for the average man and woman, even if we admit with Rudyard Kipling that "Down to Gehenna or up to the throne, He travels the fastest who travels alone." And it is the knowledge that

both parties may trust each other absolutely to keep troth that makes marriage happy. Under other conditions any tiff may lead to a rupture, and any outside friendship may be a cause of suspicion and jealousy.

22. PROGNOSTICATIONS

VIII. *The Failure of Democracy*

HOW shall we be governed seventy-five years hence? The Americans, who are the only real Conservatives left, will bring out their Victorian shibboleths, and tell us that the irresistible march of Democracy must continue till all our effete survivals are abolished. But on the other side of the Atlantic the word Democracy is charged with emotional values which have very little to do with either the meaning of the word or with our experience of that particular adventure in government. In fact, "Democracy" in America means anything or nothing at all, which makes it an excellent slogan.

We who have seen the thing at close quarters are not inclined to burn any more incense before the fetish. It was a necessary phase in political evolution; that it is the final phase hardly anyone believes any longer. It is in the curious position

of having no friends, though we all did lip-service to it when we wanted to bring the Americans into the war. The rich have never liked it or believed in it. The middle class, that patient Issachar bowed between two burdens, would prefer almost any other form of government. The labouring class used it as a weapon to destroy privilege, but is now thoroughly out of patience with it. All the new radical movements are openly anti-democratic. Democracy continues only because there seems to be no alternative, or because we don't like the look of the alternatives—Lenin, Mussolini, or the Pope.

History indicates that Democracies are short-lived. Von Sybel said that universal suffrage always heralds the end of popular government. Tocqueville saw that the more successful Democracy is in levelling a population, the less resistance the next despotism will meet with. Others have said the same thing—a democracy may end in a despotism, but not in Socialism, which belongs to a different order. Democracies, another critic has said, always die young, and of the same two diseases—the destruction of national credit and prosperity by predatory legislation, and the emergence of militant groups which the state is too weak to control.

The power and danger of Democracy both rest on a superstition—an imagined divine or natural sanction. The ballot-box is a Urim and Thummim for ascertaining the will of the Deity. The odd man somehow enjoys plenary inspiration. "*Vox populi, vox Dei.*" But the voice of the people on one notable occasion cried "Crucify him!" and its verdicts are often not much more intelligent than this. As Sir Henry Maine wrote: "Universal suffrage would have prohibited the spinning-jenny and power loom, the threshing machine and the Gregorian calendar; it would have restored the Stuarts."

The art of the demagogue is that of the parrot; he acts on the suggestibility of the crowd by repeating some senseless catchword. It is not a pleasant trade; in fact, it is so repulsive that men of high character often refuse to have anything to do with democratic politics. "Few," says Louis Simond, "will take the trouble of persuading the people, except those who have an interest in deceiving them." An American has remarked that those who shout Abraham Lincoln's clap-trap about "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," usually want to live on the people, by the people, and for themselves. It is an ignoble art, because it consists mainly of vicarious bribery.

Individuals sometimes rise above selfishness; classes never. Herd-morality is centuries behind individual morality.

And yet the democratic machine seems to the cupidity of the masses to work too slowly. The millennium comes no nearer. The process of dividing up the worldly goods of the minority seems to be much more difficult than might have been supposed. The Syndicalists already speak of Democracy as a bourgeois conception. Why, they ask, should the majority rule? The majority must obey those who are wiser, and above all more determined, than themselves. This is the language which they use, and in countries where there is no tradition of popular government the revolutionary party, if victorious, makes no attempt to establish it. There is no country in the world where Democracy is spurned with such unqualified contempt as in Soviet Russia. If we compare the Russian Revolution with the French, we can see how far the world has moved in a hundred years. And the movement has been away from the "ideas of 1789."

One of the advantages of Democracy is that it is so unworkable that it covers a whole system of shams, some of which are tolerably serviceable. Public opinion mediates between herd-morality and

the much higher morality of conscientious individuals. It is also more intelligent than the impulses of the herd, being to some extent inspired by respectable thinkers. Representative Government still produces a capable set of men to act as legislators; and though they are no longer allowed to vote as they please, their masters for the time being are not so much the electors as the Cabinet—a secret committee which is quite undemocratic, and in a sense unconstitutional; it has grown because it was needed. We have also the equivalent of a Second Chamber in the permanent Civil Service—a very able body of men who would make it difficult for a Labour Government to fulfil its wilder promises. It is these mitigations of Democracy which make its continued existence possible; and perhaps expedients of this kind may keep it in being for the remainder of the century.

We have not yet had experience of a Government of the large bribers, coming into power weighted with numerous pledges of wholesale confiscation. We cannot expect to escape this fate much longer, and the results may convince those who have anything to lose that a continuance of democratic institutions would be suicidal. But I think we shall go on as we are, without any constitutional change. Schemes of nationalisation are likely to be dropped,

since whenever they have been tried, the consequence has been a heavy loss to the Exchequer. What we may expect to see is the imposition of heavier and heavier burdens upon industry, and the steady growth of the class which is already sucking the life-blood of the nation.

In a few years the unemployed become permanently unemployable, a dead-weight on industry, and a temptation to all who prefer football, cinemas, and "chocolate money" to honest labour.

So far as I can see, the only government which would be strong enough to bring this disastrous state of things to an end would be that form of government which we are least likely to see—a bureaucratic State-Socialism resting on military force. Another great war, followed by revolutionary outbreaks, might lead us to acquiesce in this type of government; but it is wholly alien to the temper and traditions of the British nation, and perhaps we are the least likely among all the nations of Europe to put ourselves under such a system. Failing this, I believe we shall continue to try to make Democracy work till the end of the century; but we shall be in the condition of an animal devoured by parasites, and less and less able to keep itself in a state of health and vigour.

A good government should of course be organic,

representing the nation, not the populace, which is only the most numerous class. The future is with organised and skilled direction, as Mr. Wells has so often told us; but this is peculiarly difficult to obtain under democracy. I know that there are dangers in over-organisation. Under bureaucratic tyranny the individual life may lose value for itself; and when this happens there will be no more fruitful effort. But I do not think that we in England need fear this, though the same result may follow if the Treasury lies in wait for all savings. "The value of institutions," says Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, "depends upon the extent to which they assist the free development of human powers and the adequate remuneration of merit." This is a sound Liberal maxim, which recalls the days when Liberals had principles and believed in them. There is room for such a party in the State to-day.

All forms of government are bad; but there is hardly any which could not be made to work satisfactorily if we all chose as our motto the maxim which Mr. Bernard Shaw says is the test of a gentleman: "Try to put into the common stock as much as you take out." What we put in may, of course, be any valuable contribution, not necessarily a marketable commodity. As for private property, let us end with St. Thomas Aquinas:

"The possession of riches is not unlawful if the order of reason be observed—that is to say, that a man possesses justly what he owns, and that he uses it in a proper manner for himself and others."

23. PROGNOSTICATIONS

IX. *Scientific Morality*

IT is perhaps too optimistic to include this article in a series of predictions. I am not at all sure that the morality of our great-grand-children will be scientific. Science has many enemies. Science is a good aristocrat, and aristocrats are not popular. Science believes in the dry light of reason, and most people are content to provide themselves with a faith as they buy a pair of spectacles. They do not care whether it is true, if it helps them to see what they want to see.

Besides this, many people think that Nature has either no morals, or bad morals. The impression which the universe, as now interpreted, makes upon the imagination is, they say, magnificent, but terrible and cruel. Nature may be summed up by conjugating the verb "to eat" in the active and passive. The more we know about what goes on behind those scenes of natural beauty which delight

and elevate our minds, the more appalled we shall be at the wastefulness and heartless cruelty which are Nature's methods. Those who base their morality on science are suspected of disliking the humanitarianism which is an integral part of modern civilisation, and of wishing to advocate ruthless and inhuman schemes of social surgery.

Nature, says Santayana, is a blind and blameless giant. It is our business not guiltily to imitate her innocent crimes, but to use her as an instrument for realising our own ideals. Huxley in his famous Romanes Lecture went further. "Since law and morals are restraints upon the struggle for existence between men in society, the ethical process is in opposition to the principle of the cosmic process, and tends to the suppression of the qualities best fitted for success in that struggle." "Cosmic nature is no school of virtue, but the headquarters of the enemy of ethical nature. The cosmos works through the lower nature of man, not for righteousness, but against it."

I should call this radical pessimism. For how can man hope to resist the process of the universe? It is like the Scandinavian mythology, which ends in a final defeat of the gods by the Titans. Such thoughts are likely to lead us to the philosophy of Schopenhauer, who taught that there is an irre-

concilable contradiction between the interests of the race and those of the individual. Nature dangles before us various deceptive baits, of which the passion of love is the most insidious, in order to get her hook in our nose, and force us to subserve her purposes, which are not our own. He saw in race-suicide the escape from the worst of all possible worlds.

But are we really obliged to give up the comforting faith that "the universe is friendly?" It is a great mistake to consider the cosmic process apart from man. The cosmic process is responsible for man as he is, with all his unselfish devotion to family, friends and country, all his pity and sympathy with the weak, all his idealism and belief in the unseen, as well as for those brute-instincts which are perhaps too often forgotten by sanguine reformers. We are not committed to a hopeless struggle against Nature. The Power which implanted the higher instincts in us is able to satisfy them out of its own stores. There is a great deal of instinctive devotion and self-sacrifice among the lower animals. The true inference from the study of Nature's ways is not Schopenhauer's pessimism, but the recognition that since self-sacrifice is a law of Nature, selfishness is everywhere bankrupt and foredoomed to final failure.

I believe then that Science, the latest revelation of God, has much to teach us in morals ; though we need not suppose that inanimate Nature is a deeper revelation of the will of the Creator than the mind of man, which an old writer said is " the throne of the Godhead." God's dwelling, says Wordsworth is "in the light of setting suns"—in the external world—" and in the mind of man." If Science, which is advancing from one victory to another, and which enlists in its service the keenest intellects and the most disinterested characters of our time, should so far extend its prestige as to influence the judgments which the man in the street forms upon conduct, what changes in public opinion may we expect ?

(1) In religion, which is closely connected with morals, Science may speak doubtfully about the existence of a personal God. But it will not allow us to believe that, if there is a personal God, He is either a capricious Oriental Sultan, to be approached only through His privileged courtiers, or a magnified Schoolmaster, or the Head of the clerical profession. Sir John Seeley said that the man of science has a nobler conception of the Deity than the average churchgoer, and I think he was right.

(2) The scientific spirit has already established a more exacting standard of truthfulness in history

and in controversy. Reckless statements and misrepresentations of opponents are less common, except perhaps in religious and political disputes, where truthfulness is most important. But it has been said that even the axioms of Euclid would be disputed if men were sufficiently interested in denying them.

(3) We may hope that the scientific standard of evidence will banish into limbo those nebulous half-beliefs which we call superstitions. How often we meet otherwise intelligent persons who will not dine in a party of thirteen, or be married in May; who will "touch wood" if they have said anything "unlucky," walk round a ladder, and show respect for other equally silly fancies. They do not really believe them, but "there may be something in it," so they keep on the safe side. To the same category belong all the half silly, half fraudulent cults of miraculous healing and necromancy. No one with any tincture of the scientific spirit could believe that God (if he believes in God) is the kind of person to punish a man for violating such ridiculous taboos as those just mentioned; and we may hope that the whole subject of healing by suggestion will soon be taken out of the hands of quacks, lay and clerical, and placed on a scientific basis. The laws of medical psychology are still very imperfectly under-

stood, but knowledge is advancing rapidly. It ought before long to be possible for a physician to say quite definitely to a patient: "Your trouble is functional, not organic, and mainly hysterical; you can cure yourself if you will"; or else: "Nothing but surgery can help you." Superstition will die hard; I have been much disappointed to observe the recrudescence of it since the war; but if the scientific way of looking at things prevails, the priests of Lourdes, the itinerant "missioners of healing," and many humbler practitioners of curious arts, will find their occupation gone.

(4) "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he reap." The New Testament insists plainly that law and order govern the spiritual as well as the visible world. Popular religion has frequently ignored this truth. I have not space to give instances, but this is another way in which the knowledge of Nature may help to purify morality.

(5) In social reform as in medicine modern science teaches us to attack the causes of disease, not the symptoms. We no longer advise a consumptive to wear a respirator and keep his windows shut; but our political remedies for social troubles are just as absurd. Happily these problems are now sometimes tackled in a genuinely scientific temper.

(6) We may hope to see a new conscience towards the "so-called lower animals." They are literally our distant cousins. They were not created for our use. They have as good a right on this planet as we have; and our treatment of them has been abominable. We must continue to eat them; no one has so much interest in the demand for pork as the pig; but I believe the opinion will grow rapidly that field-sports are barbarous and degrading. Here however I know that half my readers will disagree with me.

(7) If the animals were not made for man, neither was the rest of the world. Within the last hundred years the most civilised nations have been busy in defacing the beauty of Nature, ravaging its resources, exterminating some of its most beautiful living species, and generally behaving like ill-conditioned savages. Here again the morality of science will speak in no uncertain tones. We are trustees for a beautiful world, which we are doing our best to spoil for all future time.

(8) "For all future time!" This is the great quarrel between science and politics. Science has no quarrel with the maxim, "Seek the greatest happiness of the greatest number," but it reminds us that the greatest number are not yet able to speak for themselves. The politician remembers only that

the unborn have no votes; science never forgets that they have rights. So we come lastly to eugenics, which in the future will be one of the most important of all the sciences. When the laws which regulate racial progress and degeneration are known, woe to the nation that refuses to recognise them. "I am not in the habit of talking," Plotinus makes Nature say. No; with her it is a word and a blow, and the blow first.

24. PROGNOSTICATIONS

x. *The Shrinking Globe*

BY shrinkage I mean not the contraction of the earth's crust, of which geologists tell us, but the abolition of distance by modern discoveries. The circumference of the globe is about 25,000 miles, and we are beginning to think this distance rather small. We can talk to each other more than half across it.

The cinema has made civilisation, as the word is understood at Los Angeles, Cal., an object of admiration, as Macaulay might have said, to the yellow man as he plies his chopsticks in the odoriferous alleys of Canton, to the black man in the malarious swamps of Sierra Leone, and to the brown man among the crowded ghats of Benares. A young domestic servant recently "finished" at an L.C.C. School, can probably tell us nothing whatever about the Great War, but she will be eloquent about the leading film "stars" and the gorgeous opulence of the United States.

We are delighted to hear that the Schneider trophy has fallen to Great Britain. We may make a rather poor show at Wimbledon, but our champion can fly 35 miles faster in an hour than Signor Bernardi, who won the cup in 1926. We have moved on rather quickly since Santos Dumont established the record for 1906 with 25 miles an hour. The first Schneider cup-winner was the Frenchman, Prevost, in 1913, who covered 45 miles in the hour. Since then the numbers have climbed like those of the National Debt, and for the same reason. Flying really became quite interesting when it was a question of bombing the enemy's towns.

This invention may conceivably be digging a grave for civilisation. That has happened before when for a time the attack in war became overwhelmingly stronger than the defence. In the opinion of the "Cambridge Medieval History" it was a mere accident that in the time of Jenghiz Khan and his successors Rome and Paris did not share the fate of Moscow and of Baghdad, where 800,000 corpses and a heap of ruins marked the site of the second city in the world. On the other hand, a squadron of aeroplanes could make short work of a revolutionary mob.

But flying may bring great advantages in time of

peace, especially to the British Empire, which (our foreign critics used to tell us) was too much scattered to hold together. In a few years we shall be much nearer to Australia and New Zealand than we were to Canada not long ago. The French I believe, have already an air service to Senegal; we shall soon have regular communication by air with South Africa. No part of the Empire will be so distant that a settler need feel banished while he lives there. The range of holiday travelling will be extended almost incredibly. We may spend a week-end at Athens or Constantinople, and a short Easter vacation in India. The general effect should be to accentuate a tendency which swift motor-traffic is already bringing about. The suburbs of a great town will extend to a radius of fifty to a hundred miles; the city merchant may live in Gloucestershire or Norfolk, or in Scotland, if he does not mind a two or three hours' flight to his office. Rich Americans will buy country houses in England, which they will reach in one day from Wall-street.

The result will probably be in favour of internationalism and friendship between different peoples. Civilisation will become more uniform, and ignorance of foreign countries less gross than it is now. But it will not necessarily make us more

civilised. Mallock, in his "New Republic," makes a Philistine man of science say that a generation which travels sixty miles an hour must be five times as civilised as one which only travelled twelve. By the same reasoning, the Europeans and Americans of 1950 will be five times as civilised as we were a few years ago. But this is nonsense. "Many shall go to and fro and knowledge shall be increased," says an Old Testament prophet. "But knowledge comes and wisdom lingers." As a German proverb says: "A gosling flew over the Rhine and came back a goose." Leisure is necessary for wisdom; and the faster we travel, the less leisure we have—a paradox which it is not difficult to explain.

Broadcasting has come so prosaically that we hardly realise what an amazing invention it is, and what momentous results will probably follow it. I am told that the receiving licenses in this country alone number 2,306,285; and it is reported that there may be half a million more who are unlicensed. Suppose that we were menaced with another war, or a great national crisis when the Prime Minister might wish to have a heart-to-heart talk with the people. Already he could address at least three million persons. It has been proved that a Government censorship of broadcasting may be very

effective. The uses of this new discovery in education have not yet been fully exploited. Good music is already being popularised in this way; miscellaneous short lectures on every imaginable subject are given to those who want information in tabloid form but have never formed the habit of reading. Good literature is read aloud by good readers. Foreign languages can be taught more easily if the pupil is able to pick up speeches from the stations in France, Germany, Spain or Italy. Even in religion there are large numbers who are not in the habit of attending public worship but who greatly appreciate listening to a well-rendered service and an eloquent sermon on the "radio." Whether the clergy altogether appreciate this development may be doubted. No method of taking a collection by broadcasting has yet been discovered!

One effect of broadcasting will be to establish a standard pronunciation of English. This will, on the whole, be a good thing. Nothing keeps classes apart so much as the fact that if a man has "risen from the ranks," as the saying is, his speech bewrays him for the rest of his life. He may have mastered the standard usage in the matter of aspirates, which, after all, is only the dialectical practice of that part of England which has set the fashion, but he will

never talk English like a public school and university man, and this defect is considered a stamp of social inferiority. I do not know whether this difference of pronunciation, according to social position, exists to the same extent in France or Germany; but I am sure that with us it is a great obstacle to that social equality which we all desire to promote. It is very undesirable that a man should be known by his manner of talking, not as a Yorkshireman or Devonian or Aberdonian—he may very reasonably be proud of belonging to any of these districts—but as belonging by birth to the lower or lower middle class. We want to abolish these names and the snobbishness which they imply. A uniform pronunciation taught in the schools (we may hope it will not be a modified Cockney) will help in this direction. It will be a pity to lose some of the old dialects, but I fear they are going. One never hears now the unadulterated North Riding Yorkshire of the village where I was born.

The shrinkage of the world is going on so fast that some have dallied with the idea of a future conquest of other worlds. But the year 2,000 will find us still confined to our own earth, and I do not think the year 200,000 will have enlarged our boundaries. It is not wholly impossible, as far as the distance

goes, that the moon, which is only 238,000 miles off, might be reached; but the other difficulties seem to be insuperable. Our satellite no doubt contains some fine goldfields, but I do not think that either the Union Jack or the Stars and Stripes will ever wave over those gaping volcanoes which we see through a telescope. As for the other planets, it seems utterly impossible that we shall ever reach them. I do not know why Mars should be chosen by our imaginative writers; it is very small and horribly cold. Venus is much more promising. It is nearly the same size as our earth, so that we should neither jump ten feet accidentally nor be glued to the ground. It has probably a moist, sticky atmosphere, with an equable temperature of about 120 degrees. But the first ship-load of immigrants would probably either be drowned or eaten by dinosaurs. I believe we shall perforce have to stay where we are.

The threatened discovery of television opens terrible possibilities. We should certainly need a censorship then. An explorer who was commissioned to report of the manners and customs of a savage tribe summed up his experiences by saying: "Manners they have none, and, as for their customs, they are beastly." And even nearer home there may be sights unfitted for the young and

innocent. One more possibility remains,—that of picking up past events. Why not? I suppose they still exist as waves in the ether, or something of that kind. This is a pleasant prospect for guilty consciences.

25. THE NEXT WAR

THE results of the sham attack on London from the air seem to show that, contrary to the hopes of our experts, London cannot be successfully defended. Within two or three hours of a declaration of war—in the unlikely event of that formality being observed—the destruction of the capital and the massacre of its inhabitants will begin.

Among all the booklets of the brilliant " To-day and To-morrow " series, none, I think, is so weighty and impressive as Professor McDougall's " Janus, or the Conquest of War." It contains twice as much matter as the other volumes, and instead of the Puckish humour of some of the other contributors, it is profoundly serious.

The writer reviews, not at all hopefully, the various plans which have been made to prevent another war. It is a commonplace that very few people wanted war in 1914, and that still fewer want it now, after the appalling experiences which McDougall illustrates by poignantly touching

anecdotes at first hand of the years 1914-1918. He recalls how the very modest proposals of the nineteenth century for naval holidays, proportionate reduction of armaments, and the like, were rejected one after another. He reminds us how a whole body of international law, intended to make war more humane, was thrown on to the scrap-heap, first by the Germans and then by the Allies.

He quotes at length from a terrible article written in 1924 by Mr. Winston Churchill, to show what war would have been like in 1919, and still more what the next war will be like. " Nations who believe that their life is at stake will not be restrained from using any means to secure their existence. It is probable—nay certain—that among the means which will next time be at their disposal will be agencies and processes of destruction wholesale, unlimited, and perhaps, once launched, uncontrollable." Among these he names bombing aeroplanes guided automatically without a human pilot, poison gas in far deadlier forms, and pestilences methodically prepared and deliberately launched upon man and beast. " This study is certainly being pursued in laboratories of more than one great country." I shall return to these predictions presently.

Among the manifestly absurd or inadequate

explanations of the recurrence of wars are the inherent wickedness of mankind, the special depravity of emperors, kings, and other rulers not elected by universal suffrage, and the desire of armament manufacturers and profiteers to make fortunes. Poor human nature is not so bad as to enjoy killing and plundering for their own sakes. Monarchies are not at all more bellicose and aggressive than republics. Those who think otherwise may profitably study the published letters of Roosevelt and Senator Lodge. Roosevelt was supposed to be rather more friendly to this country than most American politicians ; but these letters reveal him contemplating with satisfaction a war against England, at a time when we had not given the United States the slightest provocation. As for the ambitions of profiteers and others we may feel certain that nobody who has anything to lose will lightly vote for another war.

Economic imperialism—the wish to secure markets and monopolies ; the pressure of population upon the means of subsistence ; and bombastic patriotism, are real causes which have promoted wars in the past. But they are not likely to cause another war, unless a threatened government thinks that a successful war is its only chance of escaping revolution. This was undoubtedly one of

the causes of the Great War ; but the governments which tried the experiment had one and all the most bitter reasons to regret it. Germany was probably misled also by the memory of her former wars, especially that of 1870, which were actually made to pay ; but nobody will dream again that a European War can be profitable either to winners or losers.

We must, however, remember that there is one diabolical government—that of Russia—which would not shrink for a moment from massacring three-quarters of the population of Europe, if the remaining 25 per cent could be subjected to the same miseries which they have inflicted on their own people. The bitter truth must be spoken, that until this nest of hornets has been smoked out, disarmament in Europe is impossible. Italy also is said to be a menace to peace ; but in my opinion Mussolini is only indulging in the dangerous game of sabre-rattling ; a serious war would be too perilous to himself.

I agree with McDougall that *fear* is the real cause of war. We must have often seen two dogs approaching each other with bristling hair and perhaps with wagging tails. Neither wants to fight ; but when they meet they stand eyeing each other nervously, until one of them flicks an ear or twitches a leg, and in a moment they are at each

other's throats. The proper remedy to work for is the removal of fear. Or, as Lord Cecil puts it, "What keeps alive armaments is one thing only —the fear and suspicion of the nations for each other."

This clears the ground for discussing preventives. Christianity no doubt offers a solution, but unhappily the nations do not seem more disposed to listen to the teaching of the Gospel now than they have been in the past. Arbitration treaties are sometimes useful, but not when two nations are vitally interested in getting something which only one of them can have. If two men want the same woman, they will never submit to arbitration the question which of them shall have her. Nor will great nations invite their neighbours to decide whether the Moors or the Indians or the Filipinos are "peoples rightly struggling to be free."

The Quakers say, Disarm, and trust to the decency of your neighbours not to plunder a defenceless and obviously unaggressive people. The fate of China, which actually adopted this policy in the last century, is not very encouraging to these idealists.

The proportionate reduction of armaments bristles with difficulties. If a gambler who has won a heavy stake says to his opponent: "Now we will

play for love for the rest of the evening," the loser is not likely to consent; he wants, as he says, to "have his revenge." This is very much the position of the losers in the late War. It might have been wiser, as well as more Christian, to treat them with wholly unexpected generosity.

Internationalism and abolition of nationalities are manifestly impossible. This idea commends itself chiefly to those who, under cover of pacifism, desire a murderous class-war.

Whether McDougall's suggestion of an international air force, with a prohibition of national air fleets, is feasible, I will not discuss. It is perhaps one of the best suggestions yet made.

But I want to raise briefly another point. Is it as certain as it is almost always assumed to be that the next war will see a promiscuous massacre of non-combatants, men, women, and children, perhaps by poison? Twenty years ago the very suggestion of such a thing would have been received with scorn. It was then a commonplace that civilised people had advanced in humanity far beyond even the comparatively high standard of the eighteenth century. Yet here is a retrogression to a point far behind even the Greeks and the Romans. We have to go back to the Book of Joshua for anything approaching in horror what

we are told to expect in the next war; and the Jewish nose, which is not Bedouin, is a proof that "the people of the land" were not really exterminated as the ferocious chroniclers narrate. When Plato lays down the laws of war for Greek States, fruit trees are not to be injured, houses and temples are not to be destroyed, the invader may take only the standing crops, Greeks are not to be sold as slaves. The massacre of non-combatants and the poisoning of wells have always been practices quite outside the limits of severity in civilised warfare.

It is alleged that modern wars are between nations, not between armies, and that the distinction between combatants and non-combatants has ceased to exist. This plea will not serve. The non-combatant population has always worked to make the continuance of the war possible; it has always done the work of the men who were called to the colours; it has always supplied food, clothes, and munitions for the fighters, and tended the sick. Nor is it true that the new methods of destruction have made a great difference. It is as easy to kill a child with a spear as with a poison-bomb; but such things "are not done." Barbarous and cruel weapons have, as a matter of fact, not always been used when they would have given military advantage. The Greeks gave up the use of poisoned

arrows, of which there are traces in Homer. Dum-dum bullets, which were introduced in war with the Afridis, who, it was said, could not be stopped by ordinary bullets, were barred by the rules of war. Other examples could easily be found.

There is something radically wrong with a civilisation which can thus deliberately return to the worst traditions of savagery. Frankly, I do not understand it, and I am amazed by the acquiescence of the civilised world in this appalling and suicidal relapse.

26. WHAT IS SUCCESS?

THE word " Success " is written on the heart of every good American, and floats as an ideal before the minds of most young Englishmen. " Be Christians and you will be successful," exclaimed the Principal of an American University to his students. It does not sound quite like the Beatitudes, but I daresay it helped the young men who heard it to live cleanly, to shun smuggled wood-alcohol, to work hard and render efficient " social service." There are many young people who are the better for being told that success is within their reach. Nothing distresses an English College tutor more than to see the young man with *two* talents preparing his napkin to hide them in. Ambition may be the last infirmity of noble minds ; but it is a splendid spur for the average man. This is why the Americans deliberately try to engender the *superiority* complex. The subject of it is sometimes a rather intolerable person ; but he is ostentatiously happy, and he gets things done.

But what is Success? We know what Samuel Smiles meant by it. The good apprentice comes up to London with half a crown in his pocket. By unremitting attention to his humble duties he wins the confidence of his employer, becomes a partner, marries his employer's daughter, and dies a peer and a millionaire. This is Success, tangible and incontrovertible.

A Prime Minister is also unquestionably a successful man. A judge, an archbishop, a field-marshal, a "best-seller," is admitted to have been successful, in his own line. He would probably, most people suppose, have preferred to be a millionaire or a Prime Minister, if he had known how to do it, but he has played his cards well. There are no doubt other ways of spending one's life, which some people find attractive. But the world does not speak of Success in connection with them. Robert Browning thought that the grammarian, who spent his life over the niceties of Greek syntax, had resolved to win "heaven's success or earth's failure," and that he therefore exclaimed once for all, to achieve a horrible rhyme, "Hence with life's pale lure." I have known several grammarians; I once wrote a Latin grammar myself; and I fear they are simply creatures of habit. They have no visions of unfading crowns; they would be miser-

able if they were separated for a day from their desks and their books.

Most people would assent to the saying that happiness is " our being's end and aim "; and yet, curiously enough, they do not identify Success with happiness. If they did they would have to revise their standards of Success rather drastically. It has been said that the happy man has the best of reasons for being happy, namely, the fact that he is so. They may be true; but the contented man is severely handicapped in the race of life. He who wants nothing will get nothing. Ambition is occasionally the luxury of the fortunate, but it is more often the consolation of the unhappy. Borrow in " Lavengro " would even have us believe that a tendency to mental depression may be a man's best friend. " Thou wouldst be joyous, wouldst thou? Then be a fool. What great work was ever the result of joy, the puny one? Who have been the wise ones, the mighty ones, the conquering ones of the earth? The joyous? I believe it not."

The biographies of the great on the whole confirm Borrow's opinion, though it may be too rhetorically expressed. We generally find that in early life they have been unhappy; not merely impecunious and driven to fight hard for their own hands, but depressed and anxious beyond what the circum-

stances justified. And often, though not always, they have owned that the happiest period of their lives was the time of their first struggles and quite insignificant successes. Sometimes the big victories have brought only disillusionment. They have done something, but it was not what they meant to do. Their bodily organisation, it may be, has broken down under the strain; or they have formed habits which prevent them from enjoying success, when it has come to them. We have met some successful men who seem to be happy. They have aimed at a rather low type of achievement, or after beginning with nobler ambitions, they have come to be content with the world's honours, which they have gained. But no one could maintain that the successful as a class are conspicuously happy.

Augustine Birrell, in one of the most famous of his *Obiter Dicta* essays, declares that most great men hate their greatness, because it is not of the kind which they most admire. Gray, an exquisitely finished poet and incidentally a college don, would have liked to be a successful general, but he wrote the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard*, and took no Quebec. Wolfe did take Quebec, and while he was doing it was heard to remark that he would rather have written Gray's *Elegy*. Carlyle, whose motto was "Blows, not words," sang the praise of

silence in about thirty-six octavo volumes. Invalid men of letters—cripples like W. E. Henley or consumptives like Robert Louis Stevenson—let their imaginations run riot in scenes of violence and bloodshed. I think, however, that Mr. Birrell has made an amusing point rather than proved a general truth. Most great men have believed in the work of their choice, whether active or artistic or contemplative.

Putting aside the test of happiness, which clearly is no criterion, since those who have it seldom become great, and those who become great have either put happiness aside or are too busy to think whether they are happy or not, we find other troublesome questions waiting for an answer.

Why do we say, "All's well that ends well"? Why is the end of a man's career more important than the beginning? Are we to call a man successful who has spent an extremely strenuous and uncomfortable life in the pursuit of power or place or riches, and who at last gains his object only to have the cup snatched from his lips by death, disablement, or domestic misfortune? Was St. Paul not a successful man, because he was beheaded? Or Napoleon, because he died at St. Helena? Or Raphael and Mozart, because their lives were cut short at thirty-six? Two men

are in love with the same woman. One of them seizes her; the other writes a *Vita Nuova* about her. Which is the successful lover? Beatrice's husband probably found her a very ordinary young woman; Dante possessed the ideal Beatrice, with Gemma Donati to satisfy his less spiritual needs. However we may answer this last question, the saying, "Call no man successful before he dies," will not work. Many men have died rather early, and some rather miserably, after putting to their credit some great achievement for which posterity owns itself in their debt.

The question of posthumous fame as an ingredient in success remains rather difficult. Rogers believed himself a great poet, and thoroughly enjoyed his reputation; he is now forgotten. If Wordsworth had died at fifty, he would have received scarcely any recognition in his lifetime; he is now secure on his pedestal. The French Millet had not enough to eat; the English Millais made £30,000 a year. Which is the more successful, the painter of *The Angelus*, or the painter of the very creditable canvases which found so ready a market?

These problems, which cannot be solved with any precision, should lead us to look for a less external standard of success than those which we have suggested while following Samuel Smiles, a

prophet of whom in these socialistic days we are becoming ashamed. Success, we shall agree, is something that a man is or becomes, not something that he takes or gets. We are brought back to the old question whether it is better to be or to seem, which Socrates discusses in the first book of Plato's *Republic*. His conclusion of course is that it is better to be just than to be thought so, even if the pretender dies loaded with honours, and the truly just man, after suffering every kind of ill-usage is—crucified. To read that sentence, written in the fourth century before the Christian era, helps us to understand what Nietzsche meant when he said that Plato was a Christian before Christ. To be successful is to have made a right use of our life; to ask what we have got by it is irrelevant.

This new criterion will make some of Smiles's heroes, and some of the men whom Lloyd George delighted to honour, look rather foolish. The "self-made" man, as an American said, thereby relieves the Almighty of a very heavy responsibility. His success, on inspection, turns out to have been too dearly bought. Bacon, who was not too scrupulous himself, writes: "The rising unto Place is laborious; And by Paines men come to greater Paines; And it is sometimes Base; And by Indignities men come to Dignities. The standing is slippery, and the

Regresse is either a downfall, or at least an Eclipse, which is a Melancholy Thing." The risk of a fall, however, is not the chief evil. Climbing and crawling are performed in much the same attitude.

It is astonishing how easily acts of baseness, if they are not discovered, are forgotten. The passions of youth, and the ambitions of middle age, grant dispensations more readily than the most courtly father confessor. The things that pinch the conscience of the man of the world are his miscalculations and his gaucheries, not his premeditated crookednesses. But sins that are forgotten are not therefore forgiven; they are just the sins which are not forgiven. When a man has acted meanly and profited by it, his sense of values is perverted; a double heart, as a seventeenth-century divine says, makes a double head. The whole character of the successful worldling suffers a fatty degeneration; it becomes vulgar, narrow and uninteresting. The Psalmist speaks of men to whom God gives their desire, and sends leanness withal into their souls. A lean soul in an overfed body is an unlovely spectacle, and not an unusual one.

But even if the conscience is not blunted by ignoble arts, the successful career is often an unjust and anti-social one. How large a part of success

consists in choosing a line of work which by some accident is overpaid; in seizing an advantageous position, such as a temporary monopoly; in appropriating profits which cannot be said to have been earned; in tripping along unencumbered, while others have to carry the heavy baggage! It is this kind of social injustice which rouses the indignation of the less fortunate; and we can hardly deny that this kind of success is more praised, envied and sought after than it should be. The man himself may not see that his career is open to criticism; but this crass kind of success is not good for the character. We can see that even without the warnings in the Gospels. Outside the field of commerce, very much of what the world calls success is won by adroitly annexing the credit which belongs to someone else, or which should be shared among many. Socrates's dilemma, to be or to seem, probes very deeply when we examine the foundation of what we usually consider success.

But another question suggests itself. If success consists in making the most and best of our natural gifts, how is it compatible with specialisation, and who can do anything great without specialising? We may envy the harmoniously developed man, with his numerous interests, but these are not the men to whom the world owes most. It would be

delightful to be a Sir John Lubbock, keen about everything from bees to banking, or an Andrew Lang, who could write equally well on golf and on folklore, besides translating Homer. But did not even the greatest of all universal geniuses, Leonardo da Vinci, fritter away some of his unrivalled talents by trying too many things and leaving them unfinished? My view about specialising is that if the object be mean, selfish or unworthy, the success won by concentration has to be paid for, and at a high price. The character is warped, cramped and stunted. But when a man deliberately resolves to limit himself for the sake of some worthy task to which he conceives himself to be specially called, the sacrifice is not so great as it appears to be, nor so great as he was willing to make it. The eternal values, Goodness, Truth and Beauty, overlap one another, so that by faithfully following one of them, as the saint or the scientific worker or the artist does, we do not wholly forfeit what we might have learned from the other two. Every noble endeavour takes on a kind of universality, so that a broad mind is not much cramped by a narrow sphere. We penetrate further towards the heart of things by learning one subject thoroughly than by acquiring a smattering of many.

It is a truism that there can be no success without

a unitary purpose in life. But most people have none. Men may be divided into those who have a plan for their lives, and those who have none. The plan may be a mean one—enough has been said of this; but those who have no purpose at all swell the ranks of the unsuccessful. It is less of a truism to add that for those who have an ideal it is not the attainment of the purpose that makes success. "Everyone may win who tries, for the struggle is the prize." Success, for the man with an ideal, is nothing external, which chance may give and chance take away. It is no definite limited achievement, which we can enjoy or forget when we have won it. It is a growing and expanding life, which because it is spiritual in its nature, stretches into infinity, far beyond our knowledge, and even beyond our desire. The beatified spirit, in the words of Plotinus, is "always attaining and always aspiring." Or in the more familiar words of St. Paul, "I count not myself to have apprehended; but one thing I do; forgetting those things that are behind, and reaching forward to those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus." There can be no boredom in such a life.

There can be no boredom; but failure is an ingredient in this kind of success. "Our business

in this world," wrote Stevenson, "is not to succeed, but to continue to fail in good spirits." He suggested for his epitaph, "Here lies one who meant well, tried a little, failed much," or "There goes another faithful failure." Browning's development of this thought in *Rabbi Ben Ezra* is too well-known to quote. I will transcribe instead a few lines by the schoolmaster-poet, T. E. Brown :—

"The man, that hath great griefs I pity not ;
'Tis something to be great
In any wise, and hint the larger state,
Though but the shadow of a shade, God wot.
To him the sorrows are the tension-thrills
Of that serene endeavour
Which yields to God for ever and for ever
The joy that is more ancient than the hills."

Have I been too homiletic? Then let me in conclusion come back to earth, and ask what is the type of a successful life, not strictly from the religious point of view, but taking a higher and more rational standard than that of Samuel Smiles. Christ, in his encomium of John the Baptist, implied that a great prophet is the greatest of all men born of women. So be it ; but the prophet is a man inspired, and the Spirit bloweth where it listeth. Next to a great religious genius, what is the most thoroughly satisfying type of success?

If we are young enough to choose our line in life, how shall we set about it? First, we must choose some worthy and congenial task, the partial fulfilment of which may be within our reach. "Blessed is he who has found his work," says Carlyle; "let him seek no other blessedness." Then, we must devote ourselves to it, making our work our play, as any noble work may be and ought to be. An excellent example of a life wisely planned is that of a not wholly admirable character, Gibbon the historian. His immortal history was just within the compass of his genius; he had just time to finish it, and he finished it. But even more enviable, it seems to me, are the lives of men like Charles Darwin, Sir Francis Galton, and Pasteur. There is no finality about scientific discovery; the very greatest men, even a Newton and a Darwin, are proved in time not to be infallible. But we have argued that finality is no part of success. The man who has advanced the frontiers of knowledge has done all that a man can do in one life.

More insecure and ephemeral are the achievements of the great "practical" men, the men of action, like Julius Cæsar, Napoleon and Bismarck. Their methods certainly, and their aims probably, are less pure than those of the scientific discoverers and men of learning. The voice of the people

would place them far above the students and thinkers; but so would not I. Such men usually take out of the common stock more than they put in, and they cause a great deal of human suffering. The time may come when our perverse fellow-men will come to honour their benefactors more than their destroyers and plunderers, and will think a skilled craftsman more worthy of respect than an Emperor Napoleon, or a "Napoleon of finance." But this would involve such revolutionary changes in our estimates of success that I shrink from following up the subject any further.

27. IN THE LIMELIGHT

THE democratic man is a species of ape, whose strongest instinct is gregariousness. He likes to be in the middle of a noise and a crowd, and to be seen in the middle of them. Be an average man, and you are sure of being always in the majority. Enter in by the broad gate, and you will have plenty of company on the road. Don't be a pioneer : it is the early Christian that is got by the lion.

The art of success in a democratic society is to know how to play upon the ape in humanity. " Let the ape and tiger die," said Tennyson. If the tiger is dead, so much the better ; but now the ape has it all its own way. Nearly all the large fortunes now are made by supplying the standardised luxuries of the masses—cinemas, cigarettes, silk stockings, chocolates, cheap motor-cars, and the like. Mass-production and mass-consumption are the notes of the age we live in. And everywhere we find the cult of publicity.

In America there are professorships of salesmanship, which means the art of making people buy what they do not want. The psychology of the human ape is being studied there with every scientific refinement.

The same art is applied to politics. Rabindranath Tagore, the Indian prophet and mystic, was naturally horrified by what he saw in America. Democracy " makes a deliberate study of the dark patches of the human intellect, wherewith to help itself to create an atmosphere of delusion through hints, gestures, yells and startling grimaces, for the purpose of stupefying the popular mind. . . . Once, when I was in Chicago, I saw everywhere on the town walls one single name blazoned in big letters in an endless round of repetition, like the whirlwind monotony of a dervish dance that dazes one's mind into vacuity. Evidently the name belonged to some candidate for political election. But what an insult to the people, who are supposed to represent the supreme power in their government, openly to apply to them the spell of hypnotism in place of reason, as the medicine man does in the heart of Africa."

No privacy is sacred to the ape-mind. The democratic newspaper is full of gossip about individuals—details which could have no interest

whatever for any educated person, and often of a kind which any person of refinement must dislike extremely, when he or his family is the victim. There are ghouls in society who listen to private conversations, even in clubs, and send them at once to the newspapers. From time to time a book of reminiscences appears which is full of violations of privacy and breaches of confidence. The distressing thing about these books is that they are sometimes written by men and women who ought to have some self-respect and sense of honour.

Character-sketches of the living are another way of gratifying the vulgar taste for personalities, and perhaps of advertising those who desire publicity. I have had several such sent to me about myself—I would have nipped them all in the bud if I had known how. A few of them contained nothing but vulgar insolence; I have a list of the worst offenders, but it is generally a mistake, especially for a clergyman, to retaliate. More often they are incorrect and irritating, but not offensive. The "Gentleman with a Duster" was very laudatory; and Mr. Raymond (Mr. E. R. Thompson), the late editor of the *Evening Standard*, positively made me blush, for the last time, by describing me as a sort of John the Baptist, "entirely indifferent to money, food, and society." I am quite willing to bear that

character; perhaps I ought to be like that, but I am not.

Ought a man to have a copyright in his own face? And should he not be able to get damages for an unusually frightful photograph? A great deal may be done by tilting the camera. The result is much funnier than the extremely vulgar caricatures which are now so popular. Our beloved Sovereigns are snapshotted every day in attitudes which would justify an impeachment for petty treason; they do not seem to mind. Even small people are pursued by cameras, and if the victim evades the focus, the photographer can get even with him, as I have just suggested. When I was in America at least half-a-dozen cameras were levelled at me at every railway-station. I must add that the operators were very civil and apologetic; they had the time-honoured excuse of "Il faut vivre." Still, the thing is a nuisance. There are still some who agree with our great lexicographer, who in his best Johnsonese remarked: "Sir, among the anfractuosities of the human mind I know not if it may not be one that there is a superstitious reluctance to sit for a picture." I fancy that if Dr. Johnson were among us now he would have threatened the camera-fiend with a formidable cudgel, as the O'Gorman Mahon is said to have once intimidated

a *Punch* artist whom he found sketching him in the House of Commons: "Sorr, if that appears, I'll break every bone in your body!"

I feel much more seriously about the horrible cruelty which this diseased craving inflicts upon criminals and their families. I am no sentimentalist about capital punishment. The State has the right to remove undesirable citizens, but it has no right to humiliate them unnecessarily. The attitude of the public on these occasions is to me absolutely revolting. Murder trials ought to be reported with decent reticence, remembering the dreadful position of the accused; and everyone who is condemned to death ought to be allowed to carry out the sentence upon himself, and to die, poor fellow, like a gentleman. As things are, I do not think we have any right to claim to be more humane than the ancient Romans, who enjoyed seeing an unfortunate criminal mauled by wild beasts in the arena. At least, they did not regale themselves by learning the name of the victim and the circumstances of his family.

One who, like myself, has been, to some extent, dragged into the limelight (not as a criminal, fortunately) must examine himself whether he would prefer to be wholly ignored by the popular Press and criticised only by his brother-scholars and men

of letters—the only people whose opinion I care twopence about.

It is rather convenient to be sure of a full church when there is something I want to say in the pulpit; and I have already confessed that Mr. Raymond made me blush by saying that I am absolutely indifferent to filthy lucre. Against this must be set rather frequent wounds to my self-respect when people assume, not unnaturally, that I like being talked about. On the whole, I hope I may have a few years of complete retirement in my old age, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot."

The remedy, no doubt, is my own hands. There are three forms under which thought (like all chemical substances) may be presented—solid, liquid and gaseous. The third is for an audience, the second for a book, the first only for professors writing for (or at) each other. I have been a professor, and I can write as solidly as any of them. But I will not try this experiment on a long-suffering editor.

28. THE INFERIORITY COMPLEX

I HAVE lately read that the fashionable disease changes about once every five years. "In 1885 they had too much uric acid. In 1890 they had chronic appendicitis. In 1895 they took the Kneip water-cure. In 1915 they had all their teeth extracted. In 1925 they have the inferiority complex."

Every discovery becomes ridiculous when the man in the street gets hold of it. And in the latest craze there is a balm for our wounded vanity. Why are we neglected and obscure, while others, vulgar, pushing fellows, force their way to the front? It is because of our unfortunate habit of self-depreciation. We used to hope that unobtrusive merit—our own chief characteristic—would sooner or later obtain just recognition. But no! The world persists in taking us at our own valuation, which is absurdly and morbidly below our real worth.

So we go to a psycho-analyst or faith-healer, who is charged to add a little wholesome bump-

tiousness to our composition. Instead of kneeling uncomfortably by our beds and saying, "God be merciful to me a sinner," we are advised by the late M. Coué to snuggle under the blankets and repeat several times, "Every day and in all respects I am getting better, wiser and handsomer."

In America the cult of the superiority complex is practised very systematically. The American's matutinal Swedish exercises are punctuated by such ejaculations as "Health! Efficiency! Success!" Stimulated by these incantations, he goes out to a strenuous day's work in an atmosphere of keen competition. He probably makes more of his life than the average Englishman, who too often seems to have no plan at all. But it must be confessed that, however agreeable to its possessor, the superiority complex makes a man an exasperating neighbour. The person who seems to be perpetually congratulating himself on being what he is, without any visible ground for his extreme satisfaction, puts those who associate with him into an uncharitable state of mind.

The inferiority complex is certainly a fact. Perhaps some of us have known a man who through the whole of his youth, when he ought to have been happy in anticipation of the adventure of life, was convinced, or more than half convinced, that he

was a worm and no man, the very scorn of men and the outcast of the people. Such little successes as come his way do not dispel his obsession that he is disliked and despised by everybody and that it is no use trying.

Perhaps he is rescued at last by finding someone who believes in him, and forthwith all is changed. He begins to find out that if he wants anything badly, within reasonable limits, he has only to take it. He learns to respect himself, and to discover that other people respect him. So he no longer views life through such deep-blue spectacles. Acute self-depreciation is a misfortune of youth rather than of middle age; but it may last long enough to blight the whole of a man's career.

It is not always easy to recognise it in other people. We see that they do not look happy, but the cause is hidden from us. Sometimes the parents will say, "The boy has many faults, but he is beautifully humble"; and they try not to spoil his one Christian grace. Good Christians are sometimes deplorably stupid in dealing with the young.

The word complex suggests a combination of early influences, coming from outside, which have given a twist to the character. Sometimes this is the true diagnosis. An unsympathetic home; bullying at school; one or two early failures; an

unlucky love affair—such experiences, singly or acting together, may lead to a settled self-contempt, or a feeling that the world is irremediably hostile. The victim shrinks into himself, and does not find the sympathy which he never seeks. But I am convinced that more often it is a form of psychalgia—mind-ache, which arises chiefly from physical causes. It is, in fact, the wisest treatment to persuade the sufferer that the causes of his bad opinion of himself are purely subjective, and unrelated to any facts in the real world. To give the sympathy which at first seems not to be welcomed, to encourage the self-tormentor even beyond what we quite believe about him, are works of charity which do not cost much, and which may raise a soul out of an unmerited purgatory.

We ought never to make the mistake of confounding the inferiority complex with Christian humility. The old devotional books often encourage this blunder. We are given to understand that the humble man is he who utterly despises himself, who never gives himself credit for any respectable action, who invites other people to trample upon him, and who loses no opportunity of mortifying not his pride but his self-respect. Nothing can be further from the humility which is recommended in the New Testament. " Not to think of himself

more highly than he ought to think, but to think soberly, according as God has dealt to every man the measure of faith." "What hast thou that thou didst not receive? But if thou didst receive it, why dost thou glory as if thou hadst not received it?" "With me it is a very small thing to be judged of you or of man's judgment; yea, I judge not mine own self."

There is a sturdy independence and robust common sense about these utterances. They will encourage no man to think meanly of himself or of his part in life. General Gordon wrote in his diary very similar sentiments, though he gives them a Calvinistic turn. "If certain good works are ordained to be brought forth by you, why should you glory in them? Do not flatter yourself that you are wanted—that God could not work without you. It is an honour if He employs you. No one is indispensable in this world's affairs or in spiritual work. You are a machine, though allowed to feel as if you had the power of work."

Though the theologians of the cloister went so far astray in their notion of humility, they were very much alive to the consequences of the temper which their teaching and manner of life must often have encouraged. They placed "Acedia" on a pillory among the seven deadly sins. Acedia was

a compound of depression, sloth and irritation, "the sin that is opposed to the joy of love," as Aquinas defines it. Chaucer speaks of it as "the rotten-hearted sin of Accidie." We had forgotten the name of this temptation till Bishop Francis Paget reminded us of it in a memorable essay. To call it a deadly sin is perhaps to treat it too seriously; but St. Paul must have had something of the sort in his mind when he speaks of the sorrow of the world which worketh death. Spinoza also passes unqualified condemnation on the habit of unhappiness, which he calls *tristitia*. Dante pictures the victims of Acedia as immersed in a morass, because they had found nothing interesting or delightful on this beautiful earth.

It seems harsh to visit with moral censure a state of mind which no one would choose voluntarily; but there may be some people who would be benefited by being told brusquely not to put down their depression to their nerves or their livers, still less to circumstances over which they have no control, but to fight against it as an unmanly sin. After all, self-centredness must have much to do with it. As the saintly Bishop Wilson said, when there is so much that wants doing, it is foolish to sit down on our own little handful of thorns.

But I believe there are many people with whom

the inferiority complex has been the secret of their success in life. It has made them grim fighters and furious workers. The naturally contented seldom do much in the world. They have what they want already. In a few cases ambition may be the luxury of the fortunate. A duke may exert himself in moderation to get the Garter, or a rich man to get a title. But more often it is the consolation and distraction of those who want to escape from their own thoughts, and to secure themselves against the consequences of their fancied inferiority.

I fancy that many misers are men of this type. "The populace hisses me," as Horace makes one of them say; "but I applaud myself, when I contemplate my bank-balance." Jay Gould, that most unpopular of American financiers, found every man's hand against him when he started in life; so he determined to fight the world alone, and in a dismal sense he won.

So the inferiority complex, like other infirmities, may be turned to profitable account. But since it can never make a man either loving or beloved, it is a most undesirable possession for a life-time. In youth it may actually be a great advantage; for its victim, believing himself to be unlike other people, will strike out a line for himself, unless indeed he falls prey to Acedia. He may acquire the

temper and habits which lead to great success; after which, if he is lucky, he outgrows his habit of self-depreciation, and begins to see himself as others see him.

Looking back on one's own life, one can see how many odd strands have been woven into the result, which we contemplate with a wry face, yet not without much thankfulness. One of these strands may have been that plague of self-tormenting, which, though invisible on the stage where we live in the sight of the world, has acted out a shadowy and rather pitiful tragedy behind the scenes.

29. WORK

WHEN our first parents were driven out of Paradise, Adam is believed to have remarked to Eve: "My dear, we live in an age of transition." The chief feature of the change was that henceforth Adam and his descendants had to work for their living.

Was this really a punishment? There are still a few isles of the Lotus Eaters, where food grows wild. Their inhabitants have remained savages. Kingsley in his "Water Babies" condemns those who have migrated from the land of Hard-Work to the land of Ready-Made to a still heavier fate—they climb up their ancestral tree and become apes once more. I have already twice quoted Carlyle's words about the blessing of finding one's work in life. Many others have said the same thing. To put it at its lowest, hard work keeps us out of mischief. "A man is seldom so harmlessly occupied," said Dr. Johnson, "as when he is making money."

Some Christians have felt it to be a difficulty that Christ says so little about the blessing of work. The German pietists tried to make out that though the Gospels are silent on the subject, Jesus must have been really the best carpenter, the best scholar, the best judge, and so on, who ever lived. They meant well, but in truth it is not easy to find the modern ideal of efficiency in the Gospels. And at least one terrific worker, the great scholar Harnack, has been honest enough to say : " There is a great deal of hypocritical twaddle talked about work. Three-fourths of it and more is nothing but stupefying toil, and the man who really works hard shares the poet's aspirations as he looks forward to evening : ' Head, hands and feet rejoice ; the work is done.' I have found (he adds) that the people who talk loudest about the pleasure of work are not very laborious themselves."

Civilisations have hitherto been based on the assumption that people in general will not work unless they are either bribed or threatened. Ambition is a motive for the few, being (as I have said) either the luxury of the happy or the anodyne of the wretched. In a slave-state the alternative for the majority is " work or be whipped." Under competitive industrialism it is " work or starve."

And yet this is not and never has been a true

estimate of human nature. At all times and in all places there have been men and women who have worked neither for fear nor favour, but because they love either their work or their fellow-men or their God. In every society there is a large number of citizens who preserve civilisation from the corruption which corrodes every institution the members of which work unwillingly, for fear of punishment or hope of reward. There are traditions of disinterested service in some professions. Soldiers in war-time undergo every kind of hardship, and incur the greatest risks, for a bare pittance. It was a commonplace ten years ago to say that if the spirit of the trenches could be imported into civil life, our social problems would easily be solved.

There are other professions in which there is a high standard of professional honour. We cannot imagine public school-masters striking in the middle of a term, or doctors during an epidemic. Scholars and men of science would never consent to an eight-hour day; they work for much more than eight hours, for rewards which are sometimes too small to be calculated. Perhaps, like Harnack, they are glad when the day's work is over; but for all that, their work is really their play, and their play mere recreation, grudgingly accepted for the sake of health. Life would be intolerable to

them if they were forbidden to work, and to work harder than any wage-earner is allowed to work.

Besides this there are very many persons in every class of life (for I am not claiming superiority for the class to which I happen to belong) who habitually work as if they loved it, without attempting to reckon whether they are taking out of the common stock a full equivalent for what they put in. We find such men and women in every rank, in every trade and business. They are the salt which keeps society from putrefaction; they are also those who find happiness in their work.

If this is true, what are we to say to such tirades as the following, which I quote from a socialist newspaper. (I will not name the writer; he is a man who ought to have known much better.) "Do not let any of us be blind to the fact that most men and women simply hate the ordinary forms of labour, and flee from manual labour as from the plague as soon as opportunity offers. The cant which the politicians, parsons and others are always preaching, that labour is a blessed thing, is a lie. God and nature gave men brains for the purpose of easing life and making our sojourn on earth, not a time of worry and discomfort, but of peace and happiness." So Mr. Bertrand Russell, quoted in Dr. Jacks' "Constructive Citizenship," says:

"It is very rare that a man has any spontaneous impulse to the work which he has to do. He works for the sake of the pay. The best we can hope for is to diminish the amount. Four hours' boredom a day is a thing which most people could endure without damage."

This kind of teaching seems to me absolutely deadly, even apart from the fact that our foreign rivals have no objection to eight hours "boredom." I think we should find our twenty hours of untrammelled leisure a good deal more boring than the four hours of work, even if the four hours were spent, as my first quotation suggests, in cursing and swearing and thinking of the way to the nearest cinema or public-house. No healthy civilisation can ever be reared on a foundation of devitalised work.

The error seems to be largely in substituting the ideal of "happiness," most basely conceived as freedom from discomfort, and frivolous mental excitation, for the joy of creativeness, in great things or in small, which is equally natural to man. Dr. Jacks quotes the inscription on a Mohammedan astrolabe, more than a thousand years old, as an example of the spirit of a good craftsman. "The astrolabe is the work of Hussein Ali, mechanic and mathematician and servant of the Most High

God." This mechanic found his pride and happiness in what he did when he was on duty, not on what he did when he was off duty.

What are the things that make work pleasant, and what are the things that make it disagreeable?

Putting aside the question of remuneration, which is outside the work itself, the first requisite is that the work shall be interesting. This may seem an impossible requirement, but I do not think it is so. Whenever we put all our energies into our work, it becomes interesting. When I was a young man, the Headmaster of Eton commissioned me to write a Latin Grammar for the upper forms of the school. There are few who would say that the niceties of Latin syntax—the forms of the conditional sentence and the rules of *oratio obliqua*—are an interesting subject; but I became quite keen about them before I had finished. Whenever there are difficulties to be solved interest is easily awakened. But no doubt there must be also the conviction that the work is worth doing. Nobody ought to be set to the making of useless luxuries, in which the toil of weeks may be consumed in an hour; such tasks are degrading, however well they may be paid.

Next comes the delight of creating something which we believe to be beautiful, or know to be

useful,—the joy of good craftsmanship, which I am afraid is threatened by all-pervading machinery and mass-production.

Last and most important is love or goodwill. Within the family there is an immense amount of unpaid labour, sweetened by affection. In professions which evoke and demand loyalty, such as the Army and the Church, men shrink from no sacrifice and keep no accounts of giving and taking. Where there is no love and loyalty between employers and employed, but only what Carlyle calls the cash nexus, there is sure to be endless friction.

To sum up. Labour is distasteful, not only when it is inadequately paid, but when the workman thinks that his work is being wasted; when it is so far mechanised that it is not work for an intelligent man; and, above all, when the mind is poisoned by envy and hatred.

If I am right, the social problem is more psychological than political or economic. Legitimate discontent with the conditions of labour ought to be remedied, even at the cost of slightly diminished production. But the preachers of class enmity are the worst enemies of society, and the preachers of love and loyalty and goodwill are its best friends. The duty of the Church towards industrialism is indirect, but none the less important.

Its message may be summed up in the words, "The Kingdom of God is not eating and drinking, but righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." Accept this, and most of our difficulties will soon adjust themselves.

30. EPICURUS AND HIS CRITICS

WHO are the happy people?

Some will say that the question is impossible to answer—that we do not know who is happy and who is unhappy. "The heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not meddle with its joy." But I think we can answer for ourselves. It may be true that we were never so happy or so unhappy as we think we were. But I think we know what we mean by happiness, and whether we have a balance or a deficit in that bank. My own recollection is that in some years I was on the right side, in others on the wrong. I have had a good many troubles, most of which never happened, and on the whole I have a comfortable but not a large balance to my credit. Whether this experience is normal I do not know.

Since I think I know what happiness means, I am not much interested in the endless discussions of philosophers about it. It is at any rate a state of mind; what we actually feel, not what we ought

to feel. We do not envy a lunatic who thinks himself Alexander the Great; but if he enjoys being Alexander the Great we cannot deny that he is happy.

All self-respecting philosophers heave bricks at Epicurus, who taught that pleasure is the supreme good. His followers are now called Hedonists, and moralists direct all their heavy artillery upon them, arguing not only that they are bad citizens, for not realising that "life is real, life is earnest," but that they are stupid people, who miss the things that they aim at and hit nothing else.

We are told that to aim directly at pleasure is the safest way not to obtain it; and also that since pleasures cannot be added up, and perish in the enjoyment of them, the Epicurean must be always disappointed. I cannot see that all this is true. I do not want to add up my pleasures, but it is quite easy to balance them against pains. They do not perish in the enjoyment of them; it gives me great satisfaction to remember that at certain times I was perfectly happy. And if it is true that to aim directly at pleasure is not the way to hit it, our Epicurean usually has sense enough to know this; he aims not directly at pleasure, but at things which he knows will bring him pleasure.

I am not thinking of the sensualist; the Epi-

cureans were not sensualists. They lived very simply; the pleasure which they ranked highest was comradeship or friendliness. They bade dull care begone, and summed up their practical philosophy in the following quatrain, which in Greek is only eight words:—"Nothing to fear in God. Nothing to feel in death. Good—easily won. Evil—easily borne."

Now if a man is naturally easy-going and unambitious; if he does not believe that the world is out of joint, still less that he was born to set it right, I do not say that he has a noble character, but I think he is generally happy. I have known some genuine Epicureans, and they are such pleasant friends that I cannot grudge them their unheroic satisfactions. It is very restful to associate with a man who has no axe of his own to grind, and who enjoys all the little comedies of life as they come, for their own sake and not as they affect himself. He is a much more agreeable fellow than the Stoic, who assists you in your troubles with an entirely unfeeling benevolence; than the social reformer, who worries you about your duties to the "social organism," when all you can see is a network of organisations (not organisms), each of which has a limited and not very clearly defined claim upon you; than the ambitious man, who transfixes you

with his gimlet eyes to see whether he can make any use of you; or than the Catholic, who regards you as an object on which to practise some meritorious and distasteful Christian virtue.

I remember one perfect specimen of an Epicurean among my colleagues when I was a college don. He wasted great abilities; but we were all uncommonly sorry when he left us, and I sincerely hope he was much happier than he deserved to be, for he added to the happiness of us all.

Of course, I have been speaking as a devil's advocate. It is better to be a Stoic than an Epicurean, and better to be a Christian than a Stoic. But the arguments commonly used by moralists do not please me. They introduce moral valuations to weight the scales against Hedonism, and then they say that even if we adopt pleasure as our standard, the Epicurean misses it. I am not at all sure that he does. What they really want to prove is that the high-minded unselfish man makes the best of both worlds. It is pleasant to think, as Renan says, that even if our religious beliefs have no foundation, "we have not been wholly duped."

But this will not do. If we decide to choose the higher life, we must make up our minds that the question of our own happiness is irrelevant. We must be willing to make a real sacrifice, without any

arrière pensée that it is after all a good investment. If life is, as Havelock Ellis suggests, a kind of ritual dance, a refined Epicureanism may be the truest philosophy. But if it is a pilgrimage, a battle, or a heroic adventure, we had better put away the thought of compensation altogether.

The saints are sometimes obviously happy. The disciples of St. Francis of Assisi were so uproariously cheerful that they could not help shouting with laughter in church, and their hilarity had to be curbed by a severe whipping for each offence. But some very good people have had sad and suffering lives; and we shall not understand Christianity unless we realise that whereas most other religions and philosophies promise to make a man invulnerable, Christianity does not. If we want to be invulnerable, a hard heart and a good digestion will do more for us than the Christian virtues.

He who has decided to follow the Crucified must keep nothing back, and as long as he debates within himself whether he has made a good bargain he will either conclude that he has made a bad one or, as so many do, he will secretly keep an account open with the world, the flesh, and the devil, so that whatever happens he may have something to fall back upon.

There is, however, no reason why we should not

ask who are the happiest people, provided we remember that from the highest point of view it is not a supremely important question. The question may resolve itself into "What are the things which I should choose if a fairy godmother gave me three wishes?" Solomon asked for *wisdom*, which means, I suppose, a knowledge of the relative values of things. Having got this, he showed his wisdom by asking for nothing more. It is quite possible that if we made the same choice as Solomon we should let the fairy godmother's second and third wishes go.

The Greeks characteristically arranged the good things of life as follows: 1, health; 2, good looks; 3, wealth honestly come by; 4, to be young among one's friends. The Greeks, like Samuel Butler, were not ashamed to admit that a good income is very desirable. At the beginning of Plato's Republic the aged Cephalus says that he is glad to be well off, because it is so much easier for a rich man to enter into the Kingdom of Heaven. Tennyson's Northern Farmer was of the same opinion.

The question has been discussed once more by Professor Urwick, of Toronto, in his new book called "The Social Good," which I cordially recommend. He thinks that the elements which are normally necessary to happiness are these:—

1. Work: if possible, congenial work, but in any case work.

2. Strong interests and opportunity to develop them.

3. The companionship of people whom we like, and who like us.

4. An ideal to live for in ourselves, if not outside also.

5. Immunity from severe physical hindrances, as well as from great care or anxiety.

He adds—what I believe to be profoundly true, and much needed at the present time—that "the true harmony, both for society and for the individual, is not a harmony of satisfied impulses, but a harmony of conscious purposes." If there is to be no real "suppression" of some natural impulses, "the moral teaching of all our masters has been utterly false." Professor Urwick will have nothing to say either to Epicurus or to Freud. He assumes that we cannot really be happy unless we are masters of ourselves, living with a conscious purpose.

He boldly puts work first of all; the curse pronounced on Adam is our chiefest blessing. Work is a good thing in itself, and would be recognised as such if the conception of work had not been "distorted by the fallacies of an economic age,"

which treat it merely as an instrument for the production of wages or profits. Strong interests are just what the Anglo-Saxon lacks; we waste our leisure with the help of various "aids to mental indolence." As for our ideal, "it must never be quite attainable." The man who has got all that he aimed at is not to be commended.

I like Professor Urwick's five good things; but it would be useless to put such a programme before the born Epicurean, for whom I have owned to a sneaking affection.

31. STOLEN EPIGRAMS

WHAT is originality? Undetected plagiarism. This is probably itself a plagiarism, but I cannot remember who said it before me. If originality means thinking for oneself, and not thinking differently from other people, a man does not forfeit his claim to it by saying things which have occurred to others. In fact, when we consider the millions of people have been thinking, talking and writing for thousands of years, it is not likely that anyone should hit upon anything entirely fresh, unless he is inspired to utter something either transcendently wise or most abnormally foolish. Still, some writers have, or deserve to have, a special reputation as pickers up of unconsidered trifles; they rival the noble-minded Autolycus, who, according to Homer, excelled all other men in thieving and the use of the oath.

"What has thou that thou didst not receive?" asks St. Paul. It is a good corrective of vanity to reflect how completely we are the children of our age, and how most of the giants in each generation are men of moderate size, standing on the shoulders of those who have lived before them. Nine-tenths of what we call progress is simply the accumulation of tradition—recorded trials and errors, and a few lucky shots.

When we talk of literary plagiarisms we think, not of whole systems of thought, which may be lifted with impunity, but of neat sayings, preserved for their wit and wisdom. It is tempting to introduce one or two of these to brighten our own arguments, without spoiling the sentence by the chilling parenthesis, "as So-and-so said." An excess of honesty, expressing itself between brackets or in footnotes, makes Jack a dull boy.

I have collected a good many of these appropriations, some of which may be mere coincidences. My first class will be of notable sayings, which are constantly quoted with the names of their supposed authors, but which there is no reason to suppose were uttered by their supposed authors at all. These are not strictly plagiarisms, but they illustrate the love of quoting epigrams without verifying them.

Plato never said, "God geometrises." William of Ockham (I think) never said, "Ultimates (*entia*) are not to be multiplied unnecessarily." Numenius is not likely to have called Plato "an Attic Moses." Julian can hardly have said on his deathbed, "Thou has conquered, O Galilean!" Even that gallant but not very intelligent pedant must have realised that the so-called conversion of Rome in the fourth century was a victory of the Catholic Church over the Empire, not at all a victory of "the Galilean" over the forces which brought Him to the Cross. Kosciusko did not say, "The end of Poland." The Baron de Cambronne did not say at Waterloo, "The Guard dies, but does not surrender." Cambronne himself, twenty years later, disavowed the saying, and added with great honesty, "In the first place, we did not die, and in the second place, we did surrender." This did not prevent the town of Nantes from engraving the words on the base of his statue. And did Wellington say, "Up, Guards, and at them?" It seems more than doubtful. Louis XIV was not heard to say, "L'êtat, c'est moi"; though there is no doubt that he thought so.

Lastly, Galileo probably did not say, "And yet it moves"—of the earth; but it does not diminish his achievement that he was anticipated in his

discovery by Aristarchus and, according to Theophrastus, by Plato in his old age. Leonardo, who anticipated many discoveries, wrote in large letters in his diary : " Il sole non si muove."

Several famous sayings in our great poets have been traced back to the Greek and Roman classics. Churton Collins collected a long list of parallels between Shakespeare and Greek tragedy. Either Shakespeare was better read than is usually supposed, or " great wits jump " with singular frequency. But this question cannot be discussed without quoting the Greek texts.

In Macbeth, " Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased," can hardly be independent of Seneca's, " Nemo polluto queat animo mederi." Ben Jonson's famous song, " Drink to me only with thine eyes," is a paraphrase of Philostratus. Milton on Fame—" that last infirmity of noble minds "—borrows a fine sentiment from Tacitus (*Histories* iv 6). The well-known " I do not like you, Doctor Fell," is from Martial. " Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare ; Hoc tantum possum dicere, non amo te." Dryden's " Great wits are sure to madness near allied," is from Aristotle through Seneca. It is by no means always true. A very close parallel between Burns and Claudian must be a mere coincidence, since Burns was not a

Latin scholar "O poortith cauld and restless love, ye wreck my peace between ye. Yet poortith a' I could forgive, An 'twere not for my Jeanie." Claudian has, "Paupertas me saeva domat, dirusque Cupido. Sed toleranda fames, non tolerandus amor."

By a curious fatality, nearly all the pet quotations from Latin betray their spuriousness by containing some solecism. A typical example is. "Quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementat." The nearest original is a line of Publius Syrus, "Stultum facit Fortuna quem vult perdere." "Dementat" is not a classical word. Syrus is also responsible for "a beautiful face is a mute recommendation," which Schopenhauer "conveyed."

Who first said, "It is worse than a crime; it is a blunder"? Two of the greatest rascals in history must fight for it—Talleyrand, to whom it is usually attributed, and Fouché, who claimed it. These two men, according to Emil Ludwig, betrayed and ruined Napoleon, who knew their treachery, but could not do without them.

Who first said, "The sun never sets upon our Empire"? It seems to have been first used of the immense Empire of Spain, and Napoleon, when he proposed to "unite Spain for ever to the destinies of France," quoted the proverb of Spain. A

Frenchman, after some years' residence in England, said that as applied to the centre of the British Empire, "the expression is of course purely metaphorical."

Another of Napoleon's annexations is the saying that there is only one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. It seems to occur first in Marmontel, and then in the notorious Tom Paine, the Englishman, from whom Bonaparte probably got it. He kept on repeating it during the retreat from Moscow, of which his unlucky Grand Army probably failed to see the comic side.

An epigram which has had a queer history is: "No one is a hero to his valet de chambre." Several French writers, including Montaigne, are quoted as having said something like it. But the epigram is possibly improved when we add: "This, however, is not because the hero is not a hero, but because the valet is a valet." In this form it was first written by Hegel (in his *Philosophie des Geschichte*, p. 40). Goethe borrowed it from Hegel, Carlyle from Goethe, and Disraeli, a great collector of other men's good things, from Carlyle. The epigram is, however, equally unfair to heroes and to valets.

A few miscellaneous plagiarisms may be added. Gray's "E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires,"

comes from Chaucer. "Yet in our ashen cold is fire yreken." "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," is used by Cowper of tea. But it comes from Bishop Berkeley, who uses it of tar-water, which "is of a nature so mild and benign and proportioned to the human constitution, as to warm without heating, to cheer but not inebriate." This is from the *Siris*, a treatise which is divided between the sovereign merits of tar-water and those of the Neoplatonic philosophy. I agree with the latter; tar-water I have never tried.

"He who fights and runs away may live to fight another day," which we know as Goldsmith's, is from ancient Greece, and "we have given hostages to fortune" is from Lucan: "Dedimus tot pignora fatis."

It looks as if an industrious investigator might hunt down all our good things, and dispute our rights in them. But there is an almost unexplored field for judicious annexation in the proverbs of China. A few specimens will show how useful they may be. "Do not remove a fly from your friend's forehead with a hatchet." "No needle is sharp at both ends." "Free sitters grumble most at a play." "You can't clap hands with one palm." "A maker of idols is never an idolater." "He who rides on a tiger can never dismount" (a warning to

revolutionists). "One dog barks at something; the rest bark at him." "When a neighbour is in your fruit garden, inattention is the truest politeness." "Everyone pushes a falling fence."

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